FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Fit "TripleX" - and be safe
Reg'd

THE SPHERE, APRIL 28, 1951
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

Vol. CCV, No. 2672
APRIL 28, 1951

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

ROSS'S *Belfast Ginger Ale*
Also Ross's Soda Water, Indian Tonic,
Lemonade—as good as Ross's Ginger Ale

By Appointment Purveyors of Champagne to H.M. King George VI
Moët & Chandon
CHAMPAGNE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743
Dry Imperial *Vintage* and Première Cuvée *Non Vintage*

By Appointment Table Salt Manufacturers
Cerebos
Salt of quality

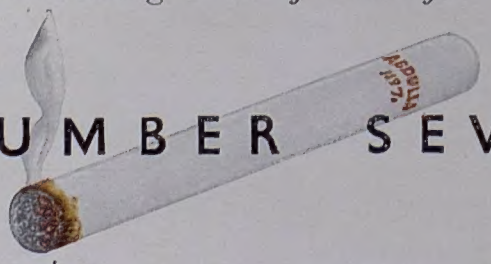
THE ARISTOCRAT OF LIQUEURS
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH
Limited supplies are distributed as fairly as possible.

A cup of
HARDEN'S CEYLON TEA
—"just what the DOCTOR ordered"
REGD TRADE MARK
Harden Bros. & Lindsay Ltd., 121 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4

Grant's
Stand Fast
Scotch Whisky

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

The welcome bustle of leaving moorings . . . and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun . . . the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of wavelets on the hull . . . and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more—



NUMBER SEVEN

Abdulla 'Virginia' No. 7, 20 for 3/10 ALSO *Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian*

ABDULLA & CO LIMITED · 173 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W1

75 minutes Flying time to

Belgium

by SABENA BELGIAN AIRLINES

Thanks to SABENA its routes. first-class comfort and good food makes travelling a pleasure on all

Information : All Travel agencies and SABENA :
LONDON : 205, Regent Street, W. I,
(Tel : Mayfair 8292)
MANCHESTER : 32, Deansgate
(Tel : Deansgate 6956/57)

★ A Message from the Belgian Tourist Commissioner

BELGIUM

Country for the Arts and Tourism

HAVAS INTERN. SERV.

Again this year, you will be able to appreciate still more this wonderful country so full of contrasts and variety.

Comfort and the best of delicious cooking in plenty at moderate prices.

Belgium is waiting for you - for real holidays.

ARTHUR HAULOT
Belgian Tourist Commissioner

Syndicat d'Initiative of Brussels
TOURIST BUREAU
HOTEL DE VILLE, Grand Place

S.N.C.B. By its position on the very hearth of the Continent, at the crossroads of the great communication routes of the West, the intricate network of the Société Nationale des Chemins de Fer Belges, offers to the foreign visitor the best possibilities of reaching the various great centres of Europe in the minimum of time

DOVER - OSTEND

The ideal route to the Continent for passengers and cars
SPEED - COMFORT - SAFETY - PUNCTUALITY

Information :
Belgium House, 167, Regent Street, LONDON W. I.
or principal Travel Agencies

★ SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES CHEMINS DE FER VICINAUX When you are in Belgium, make use of the services of the Chemins de Fer Vicinaux which will take you to all the tourist localities of the country.

PALACE HOTEL
Entirely redecorated — 500 Rooms with Baths
DELIGHTFUL CUISINE
Under the same Management :
RITZ HOTEL, Madrid -- PALACE HOTEL, Madrid
ALFONSO XIII HOT., Seville - NEGRESCO HOT., Nice
ERMITAGE NAPOLEON HOTEL, Digne
CONTINENTAL HOTEL, San Sebastian

The Leading Hotel IN BELGIUM . . . **HOTEL METROPOLE**
Restaurant -- Grill Room -- Tea Room
PLACE DE BROUCKÈRE, BRUSSELS

NAMUR GATEWAY TO THE ARDENNES.

Offers you all the pleasures of holidays.
ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF TRADE, HORTICULTURE AND ART
(from 7th to 22nd July)
FIFTH GREAT FESTIVAL OF NAMUR
(30th June and 1st July)

IN BRUSSELS
HOTEL ATLANTA
Boulevard Adolphe Max
(Centre of the town)
Hotel of first rank
The only one completely renovated
Swiss Management
Not the biggest hotel, but the most comfortable

THE PLAZA
Brussels
THE GREAT HOTEL OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTE

YOU WILL FEEL AT HOME in the *INNOVATION*
THE LARGEST OF DEPARTMENT STORES
Brussels - Ixelles - Antwerp - Liège - Verviers
Ghent - Bruges - Ostend - Charleroi - Namur
Knokke

AT THE BON MARCHE

DURING YOUR STAY IN BELGIUM
120 DEPARTMENTS at your service
AU BON MARCHE
the greatest of the Department Stores
BRUSSELS — ANTWERP — LIEGE — BRUGES

KNOKKE LE ZOUTE ALBERT-PLAGE
★ ★ ★
The fashionable beaches of Belgium, where you will find the finest CASINO in Europe.
(Belgium Summer Festival— Salons Privés—Roulette— Baccara)
and
"LA RESERVE"
One of the best hotels in the world.

★ THE FAMOUS CASINO OF BELGIUM
(Salons privés - Roulette - Baccara)

OSTEND
THEATRE ROYAL
Operas - Comedies - Symphony - Concerts - Ballets

BANQUE DE BRUXELLES
Head Office
2, rue de la Régence
Brussels
300 Branches and Agencies in Belgium
Correspondents of the principal foreign Banks
Foreign Exchange
Cashing of Travellers' Cheques and Letters of Credit
All commercial, financial and tourist information

FROM 21st APRIL TO 6th MAY 1951
25e
25 th BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL FAIR
World's Great Samples Market
In 1950 : 105.000 sq. m. 4.180 exhibitors of 34 countries — More than one million visitors from Belgium and 60 foreign countries - 90.000 sq. m. parking.
Information from Belgian Legations Consulates and from
THE BRUSSELS INTERNATIONAL FAIR
(Palais du Centenaire). BRUSSELS

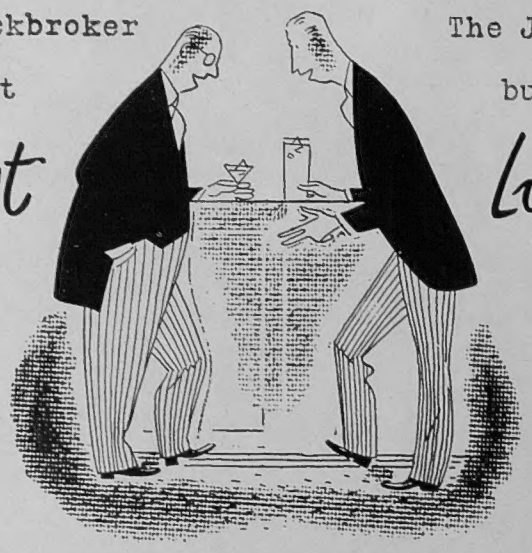
FOR YOUR IMPORTS - EXPORTS
BANQUE DE LA SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE DE BELGIQUE
THE LEADING BANK IN BELGIUM
128 years of experience
370 Offices and Branches in the Country
Correspondents
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

CHAUDFONTAINE IN THE ARDENNES
Five miles from Liège, in the beautiful valley of the Vesdre
(Salons Privés - Roulette - Baccara)
with its famous Salle de Fêtes
"LE PARADOU"

OSTEND GATEWAY BETWEEN ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT
Offers you its famous hotels, modern bathing facilities, horse-racing, an airport, thermal bathing, and all the other features of a watering place of international fame.

The Stockbroker buys it *Short*

The Jobber buys it *Long*



THEIR PREFERENCE (SHARED)

IS NOILLY CASSIS

Try Noilly Cassis long or short, and you, too, will become a "short" or "long" man or woman

HERE'S HOW!

LONG NOILLY CASSIS
Serve in a tall glass, add ice and top up with soda.

SHORT NOILLY CASSIS
Serve iced and neat in a cocktail glass.

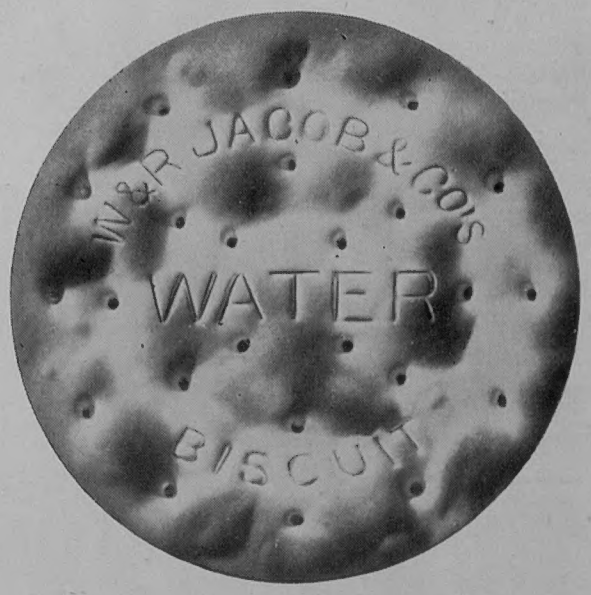
But whether you prefer it long or short you'll agree Noilly Cassis is a most intriguing drink. And naturally so, for it is blended by Noilly Prat, makers of the world's most famous French Vermouth. To this famous vermouth has been added Creme de Cassis, in just the proportion to make it a most delightful aperitif — or a refreshing in-between-times drink.

Try it! Even confirmed extra-dry drinkers find it a most refreshing change.

Noilly cassis

A new sensation for the people with a taste for the not-so-dry

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS NOILLY PRAT FRENCH VERMOUTH



JACOB'S

Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS, ENGLAND

Ring for...

BELL'S

This fine old whisky contains all the richness of many years maturing.

ARTHUR BELL & SONS LTD.
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, PERTH
• AN INDEPENDENT HOUSE •

RELIEVING THE PAIN OF RHEUMATISM
SCIATICA · LUMBAGO · NEURITIS · GOUT

The Dolcin method of relieving the painful symptoms of rheumatic ailments by means of a balanced compound of calcium succinate and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) was brought to this country in the Autumn of 1948.

This special compound of calcium succinate and acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) has already achieved remarkable results in America, in Canada and in this country. Dolcin is recommended by doctors and used in many British hospitals and clinics.

Dolcin does more than give relief. It improves the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected parts and encourages the restoration of normal metabolism and the elimination of rheumatic activity.

Dolcin is NON-TOXIC and will not harm the heart or any other organ. Obtainable from all chemists 100 tablets 7/6 and 500 tablets 33/9 (tax included). Insist on Dolcin—the original and tested compound.

DOLCIN

Reg. Trade Mark

110 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

4 pints a day?

—and

SOLO

means more REAL ORANGE JUICE

NOTE: Doctors say: "Drink not less than 4 pints of liquid a day." Make drinking a pleasure with SOLO.

WELL TAILORED COMFORT

Coat shirts by 91

VANTELLA

COTELLA LTD., OXFORD ST., W.1

Ireland of the Welcomes!

A quiet Leeside scene in the City of Cork

Ireland is next door to you—only a matter of hours by Air or Sea—a holiday feeling everywhere, superb sporting facilities, abundance of fresh good food. Enjoy the restful springtime atmosphere of this gay and friendly land-*now*.

IRELAND

For all information and the Official List of Hotels and Guest Houses, call, phone or write: The Irish Tourist Bureau, 19 Regent Street, London, S.W.1. (Whitehall 0838); 17 Queen's Arcade, Belfast (28338); 14 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin (44719 and 44710); 25 Patrick Street, Cork (20059); Ireland House, 33 East 50th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

Issued by the Irish Tourist Board

AT WHITSUN

WHY not decide on the "Plage Fleurie" for WHITSUN which has so much to offer.

CASINO *OPENING MAY 2*

NORMANDY HOTEL · ROYAL HOTEL · HOTEL DU GOLF

Galas at the AMBASSADEURS · Golf · Tennis · Yachting

JUNE: Normandy's loveliest month. All Sports. Week-end Gala at the Ambassadeurs.

JULY: The great sporting month. Royal Aero Club Rally. Horse Show. Bridge. Fencing and Tennis Tournaments. Regattas. GOLF COMPETITIONS: Buck's Club week-end. International seniors. Franco-British Parliamentary matches (Golf and Tennis). Thion de la Chaume Cup (Deauville mixed foursomes). Races at Clairefontaine.

AUGUST: The month of Race Meetings. Racing on two race courses. Sales of yearlings. Polo: World Open Championship (Gold Cup). Splendid Galas at the Ambassadeurs.

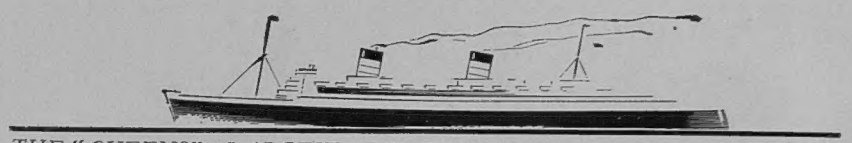
SEPTEMBER: New Golf, Gold Cup and Ganay Cup.

REGULAR AIR SERVICES : *LONDON—DEAUVILLE*

AIR FRANCE. *Information:* **B.E.A.**

Whitsuntude and June: Week-end Services.
July: Daily Services. August: Twice Daily Services.
Air Services from Shoreham in July and August.

BEA



THE "QUEENS"—LARGEST AND FASTEST LINERS IN THE WORLD.

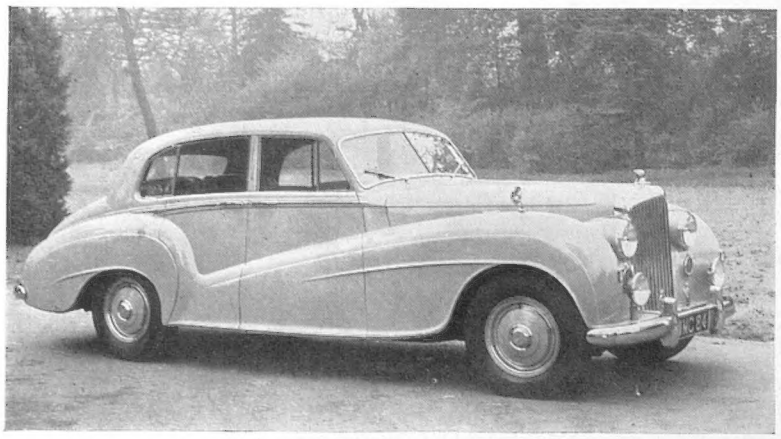
From the moment you step aboard...

To epicures of travel luxury, Cunard is an ever-enduring wonder and satisfaction on the way to America. When you are welcomed aboard you have at your disposal every amenity of a great hotel. As the hours pass only too quickly, a new way of travel is yours—to dance, meet friends and celebrities, perhaps swim in luxury pools, take your aperitif, or dine on continental cuisine in superbly appointed restaurants. Enjoy sports and deck games, or lounge in seclusion, read the daily paper, go shopping, walk a mile, or maybe telephone or telegraph your friends at home. Jules Verne could not have conceived such a way of crossing oceans, and yet it is yours to-day and every day—by Cunard.

Gracious living at its best

by *Cunard*

For full information apply: Pier Head, Liverpool 3. (Central 9201). 15, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 7890). 88, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3. (Avenue 3010), *or the principal travel agencies.*



For many years we have held an official appointment as retailers of
ROLLS-ROYCE and BENTLEY CARS
and to-day, as always, the latest demonstration models are available at our showrooms for your inspection.

PASS AND JOYCE LTD

The CAR PEOPLE

184-188 GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone MUSeum 1001 (6 lines)

BY APPOINTMENT
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF CLOTHING
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

APPRECIATION

The man who buys a Burberry Suit does so because he expects superlative materials of the richest quality.

In addition he expects and receives faultless tailoring . . . a perfection of fit which lasts throughout the long life of his suit.

Suits ready to try on, superbly tailored in fine Worsteds and Tweeds, commencing from £25.9.0.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone: WHItehall 3343

BURBERRYS LTD.

Appointed Agents in every town throughout Great Britain

LUCAS
Car Batteries have Two Years insured life . .

You get Two Years' Insured Life with every car type Lucas Battery. At any time within two years of purchase your local garage can exchange it for a new one at a cost proportionate to the length of service. Ask your local garage for full details, or write for full list of agents and battery literature.

(This scheme applies to home market only.)

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD · BIRMINGHAM · ENGLAND

TIO PEPE
SHERRY
The finest and driest of them all

GONZALEZ BYASS

Volume CCV No. 2672

The SPHERE, London, April 28, 1951

The SPHERE

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"

THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

NEW YORK'S GREETING FOR MacARTHUR—THE OUSTED COMMANDER, WHO WAS WELCOMED WITH WILD ENTHUSIASM FROM COAST TO COAST, SEEN AS HE DROVE ALONG LOWER BROADWAY BENEATH A SHOWER OF TICKER TAPE, ACCOMPANIED BY MAYOR IMPELLITTERI AND GROVER WHALEN : All business came to a standstill in the city during MacArthur's fifteen-mile drive and millions saw him, either from the sidewalk or through television sets. In Times Square alone it was estimated that there were 500,000 people to acclaim him. **(See also page 149 of this issue.)**

From coast to coast America has done honour to General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, and from the moment when he set foot on American soil for the first time for fourteen years to the moment when he finished his drive through Manhattan, the roar of a welcoming people was in his ears. The return of the ousted Commander was made the object of a series of parades in honour of a great soldier, a mighty Proconsul who had held sway over the Pacific world. Seldom in American history has there been anything to equal the receptions in San Francisco, in Washington and in New York. The ovation which greeted the General when he addressed joint sessions of Congress was truly extraordinary. Not since the early days of the Republic has one man been so acclaimed, save perhaps Grant after the Civil War and Eisenhower in New York after the Second World War. In his Congressional speech MacArthur called upon Congress for a vigorous policy in Asia, and he even went so far as to assert that his views had been shared by every military leader connected with the Korean campaign, including the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff. In closing his speech on Capitol Hill, the General declared : " I am closing my fifty-two years of military service. When I joined the Army, even before the turn of the century, it was the fulfilment of all my boyish hopes and dreams. The world has turned over many times since I took the oath at West Point, and the hopes and dreams have all since vanished, but I still remember the refrain of one of the most popular barrack ballads of that day which proclaimed most proudly that old soldiers never die ; they just fade away. And like the old soldier of that ballad, I now close my military career and just fade away, an old soldier who tried to do his duty as God gave him the light to see that duty. Good-bye."

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Burden of Responsibility.—Long since, the pundits and the Press have paid their tributes to Ernest Bevin. The funeral oration usually differs a good deal from posterity's cool, impartial verdict. But his character, as opposed to his policies, was not in dispute among his contemporaries, and will stand with posterity. He was the mouthpiece of Britain's faith, exemplar of her methods. He was honest, simple, frank, pertinacious, consistent, slow. Sometimes, he seemed to toil, panting, a lap behind his opposite numbers East and West. But Western Union owes very much to his initiative. He believed in " the pledged word " and was inclined to think better of humanity than the facts nowadays warrant. He thought better of Russia—at first. Well, he has gone, and no doubt hastened his own death by sticking to his post long after he was unfit for it. His death is one more argument for a return to triennial parliaments. The " ten little nigger boys " grow seriously, or beautifully, less. The second eleven now fill many first-eleven places. Five years are all too much with the strain of modern responsibility. A dozen years, non-stop, spell death to all but supermen. The argument for triennial parliaments seems to me unanswerable, for not only does five years of power and responsibility kill the body, but it wears out the mandate, if any, which brings an administration to power. So swift is the modern movement of events, in politics and economics, that in three years, or less, there may well be a *volte face* in public opinion ; a completely new theory of wise government and international diplomacy and economic planning may be born. And, as things are, the nation can do nothing about it.

Outside His Brief.—While the " storm in a tea-cup " raged in the ranks of Labour, while politicians speculated on the Bevan-Gaitskell breeze, while Tories hoped and Socialists pooh-poohed, it occurred to me to examine the affair more closely. What had the Chancellor done to annoy the Minister of Labour ? Had he directed some men to work elsewhere, or had he settled the latest paddle-pond strike without consulting the Minister of Labour ? No, it was about a proposed charge for false teeth. But what have false teeth to do with the Minister of Labour, beyond the fact that he may be responsible for some of the men who make false teeth ? And then I perceived how typical of Mr. Attlee's circus such a tow-row would be. There are no watertight compartments in that ship. Every officer knows better than the captain. The purser knows more than the chief engineer, the torpedo-officer has theories about feeding the passengers, and so on. It is " Go-as-you-please, or go-if-you-please—and I will do your job better." Discipline at the top, and discipline at the docks and the paddle-ponds. If Bevan still concerns himself with false teeth, Bevan is neglecting the duties for which he is paid. Bevan is a Pooh-Bah, a collector of offices of State. That seemed a logical inference. But Bevan has scattered his portfolios to the winds and gone into the wilderness for his principles, a champion of free teeth for the underdog. We shall hear more of Mr. Bevan—much more, all too much. And Mr. Bevan knows that as well as we.

How to Cut Expenditure.—Mr. Peake opened an awkward door when he offered as *his* contribution to the Chancellor's challenge : " *What* can you cut ? " ; no less than the head of Mr. Bevan on a charger. Mr. Gaitskell has tried to demonstrate the triviality of all this talk of retrenching the Civil Service. He declares that the biggest cut of Civil Servants ever suggested by the Opposition would represent about 1-80oth part of our annual expenditure. It may or may not be so. The working out of the fraction was my, not his, work. All the same, the work of many a Civil Servant costs us a good deal more than his salary—he costs us paper and cars and train fares and postage on business which we regard often as redundant and (in times like these) as criminally wasteful. And wasteful work makes circles of waste. Naturally the cutting of Government expenditure usually implies a cut in personnel. We think of the retrenched personnel impersonally. We harden our hearts ; for the dismissed men and women are anonymous. No doubt, they will be drafted elsewhere. . . . But when it comes to naming the victims, it is another story. Mr. Peake ventured to name the dynamic dictator, Aneurin 'Bevan. And immediately our hearts bleed for him, his little home sold up, his trousers threadbare, his boots leaky, doomed perhaps to break up in health through privation and to fall back on the tender mercies of his own patent health service. No, no ; do not wring our hearts. " Sack X and Y and Z and A, B, C. But leave us still our own Aneurin B." Sack, cut, retrench and economise by all means, but be British, play cricket, and *name no names*.

The Curses of Science.—The *Affray* has gone down with many valuable young lives cut short in circumstances too terrible to think of. Of all the curses which science has brought on humanity, the invention of the internal combustion engine, which makes possible the aeroplane, the submarine, and the motor-car, was surely the worst, and has hit our island and nation hardest. Before it was made, we were a beautiful, peaceful, secure island. To-day we are at the mercy of our enemies from every type of bomb, our food supplies are for ever threatened in war, and our island has been uglified and congested—and nobody is the happier or wiser or more civilised as a result of any development of this infernal invention. Each new development is an effort to counter the menace of another, a vicious circle which shows up the madness of humanity. There is nothing which young men are afraid to dare—old men who live beyond their generation never cease to marvel at the courage of human beings who will drop from the sky, launch into the stratosphere, outrun the speed of sound, and crawl on the bottom of the sea-bed. Dimly I can comprehend the courage required for many of these feats, but the claustrophobic horrors implicit in the submarine service have always been beyond my imagination. It is strange to reflect that international relations were far more humane in the Dark and Middle Ages than to-day. Religion was once a common factor irrespective of language and frontier, and religious houses spread over Europe were a humanising, cultural league of nations. Such co-operation as exists to-day among nations is concerned only with arming against war.

Gambling.—Mr. Willink's Committee has taken a middle course, surrendering neither to the pro- nor con-fanatics. The effect of " the present wave of gambling " on the life, economy and morals of the community is grossly exaggerated. It does not encourage crime or lower the living standard. On the contrary, the Committee takes the view that " *a little* on *what you fancy does you good*," and it desires to authorise street (or off-the-course) betting with the establishment of some licensed " fatmen " for cash transactions. The gambling laws must be codified in a single act ; it is absurd that Henry VIII's attempt to stop betting on archery grounds should still be the law of the land, and that the sweet old vicar should be jugged for promoting a whist-drive in aid of the parish room. It is untrue that " every man jack of us spends £2 a week on gambling." The overall average is nearer 4s. Some spend too much, a big percentage never spend a penny on a gamble. Gambling is a recreation and, like smoking, harmless in moderation. Excess in drink, tobacco, dice and women needs to be checked, of course, beyond moderation. In short, Mr. Willink and his team refused to be, or to pander to, fanatics. We are none of us saints. A State lottery would not be immoral, it would merely be uneconomical. Its benefits in reduction of taxation have been (like the present gambling wave) grossly exaggerated. So, boys, go to it. A little *on* what you fancy does you good.

Salesmanship.—We have been importing American business methods for decades, of course. Now we are really about to graduate in modern salesmanship to catch—the Americans. Well may ex-King Edward VIII comment on the changes in manners and customs in his lifetime. His own publicity campaign to sell his book includes the prize of an invitation to lunch with him for the bagman who sells most copies. His father would have thought that procedure " rather odd." (He was a master of understatement.) We are catching the spirit for our own dollar-hunt, encouraged by the good taste of the sponsors. Oxford is well to the fore. The sponsor of Undergraduate tours-by-bus is collecting bus-hostesses—pretty dress models—for every coach. Their duties will be to be glamorous and to tell the gum-chewers " who lives where and *how much he's worth*." They " don't need to know the countryside. Each girl will have a script.". Pretty, isn't it, and just right for a nation of shopkeepers. I only wish Max Beerbohm were in heart enough for a cartoon on the Victorian model of John Bull leaving his Paris hotel and running the gauntlet of the entire staff queueing up for the appropriate *pourboire*, from maître d'hotel to boots. *Our* queue would range from a distressed duke, down through the peerage, down, down to any rustic who could sell a bit of England (if only the traditional haunt of a dead murderer) for half-a-dollar. The harvest may (or may not) be as bumper as we hope, but will it balance the loss of prestige ? " Will the thought of England's shame Put one pedlar off his game ? " I doubt it.

Which Came First ? Egg or Chicken ?—Naturally enough, Sherlock Holmes, in common with all other of our institutions, has " put himself up to be raffled for " in the great dollar hunt of Festival year. Publicity has done its damnedest already for this " lot " or exhibit, and has had the usual result of publicity. It has confused our own people, who are not very notable for logic and clarity of reasoning and for accuracy. It has become necessary for Conan Doyle's daughter to clear up a lot of misunderstandings about the author and the creation, and about the author's claim to be the " onlie begetter " of the creation. Let us therefore get it clear before the gum-chewers arrive in force at Marylebone. It was not Sherlock Holmes who created Conan Doyle—or *was* it ? Upon my soul, I don't quite know. I am myself confused. His daughter says that Doyle created Holmes and that it was all his own work. But certainly Holmes made Doyle. There *is* some colour for this confusion, as also for the confusion surrounding the authorship of plays attributed to another of our dollar exhibits, Shakespeare of Stratford. I was never a Baconian, but I might become a Falstaffian. Did Falstaff create Shakespeare ? I could list a dozen characters in search of an author—*John Inglesant*, *Lorna Doone*, Rudolf Rassendyll, Tom Brown, and so on. Often enough a parent has given birth to a famous son—and faded into obscurity.

No Fun-Fair at Whitsun.—The paddle-ponds are still but mud-baths, and there will be no fun-fair at Whitsun. Perhaps the weather will relent and Battersea will be all right on the night of August Bank Holiday. What bad luck pursues the planners of our lives—for ever ! We were to have all the fats we needed, but the groundnuts wouldn't grow. We were to have decent transport, fuel and so on, but from one piece of ill-luck to another, all we got were higher fares and more expensive shale. We were to have a better living standard, but Korea came and bust our hopes. And now the weather has bogged down Festival Morrison's paddle-pond. It is really too much. Only a Government of supermen could survive such a chapter of misfortunes and even this bunch of supermen have not survived without heavy casualties in personnel and reputation. Meanwhile " Festival Gardens, Ltd.", plugs along on generous but undisclosed doles of money—our money. We are left in the dark outside the fun-fair, hoping against hope that " F.G., Ltd.", really is limited.

THE OLD STAGER

QUEEN MARY GOES TO A FILM PREMIERE—HER MAJESTY BEING GREETED BY THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD ON HER ARRIVAL AT THE CARLTON THEATRE, HAYMARKET : The occasion was the first performance of the film *Tales of Hoffmann*, and was in aid of the English Opera Group, of which the Earl of Harewood is president. In the foyer, the Countess, chairman of the premiere committee, presented a number of people associated with the making of the film, to Queen Mary. Those taking part in the film include Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina and Robert Helpmann, and the co-producers are Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. The pre-recorded music of Offenbach is played by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

MR. AND MRS. BEVAN TAKE A SUNDAY AFTERNOON STROLL: Mr. Bevan, who had resigned the previous day as Minister of Labour, seen with his wife, Jennie Lee, M.P. for Cannock, as they strolled down Cliveden Place, Chelsea. Jennie Lee is one of the joint editors of the periodical, *Tribune*, which last week launched a violent attack on the Budget, an attack which was interpreted as having been inspired by Mr. Bevan.

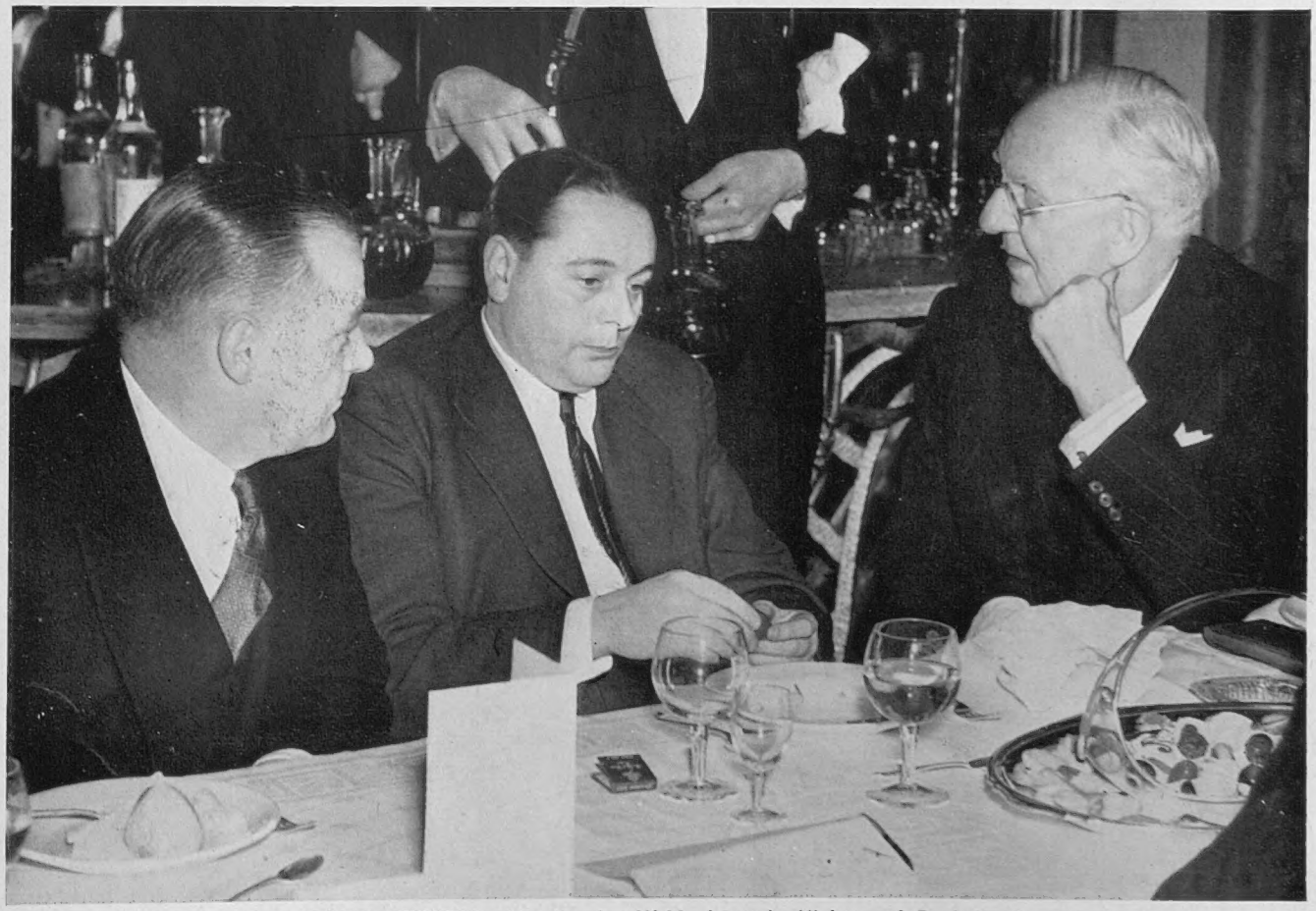
ANEURIN BEVAN CAUSES A CABINET CRISIS

THE RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTER OF LABOUR ON THE GROUNDS OF A "WRONGLY CONCEIVED" BUDGET

MR. HAROLD WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, WHO JOINED WITH MR. BEVAN IN PROTEST OVER MR. GAITSKELL'S BUDGET: Mr. Wilson saw the Prime Minister at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, last Sunday night and as was generally expected, his resignation followed. Thus, including the death of Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Cabinet had lost three of its key men in the space of ten days. Mr. Wilson's general complaint was also directed at Mr. Gaitskell's Budget, in particular against the fact that he had been refused a minimum of £75,000,000 and a maximum of £100,000,000 in subsidies to keep down the cost of clothing and household furnishings. Mr. Wilson it may be remembered, had accompanied Mr. Bevan to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, directly after the Budget news. There they saw Mr. Attlee on his sickbed, and apparently made their first protests. Mr. Wilson, when he became President of the Board of Trade in 1947, was the youngest Cabinet Minister of the century. He was then thirty-one. One newspaper last Monday carried the headline, "A Prodigy Returns to the Wilderness."

Last Saturday Mr. Aneurin Bevan, Minister of Labour and National Service and former Minister of Health, resigned from the Government and, in an exchange of letters with Mr. Attlee, it became apparent that his divergence from the Government was on a much wider scale than it was originally thought to be: that it was not a mere matter of National Health Service charges. In his letter Mr. Bevan made it clear that he now takes objection to the Budget as a whole and to the scale of rearmament which, he asserts, is physically unattainable at this stage. Mr. Bevan's resignation brings to a head the bitter feud between supporters of Left and Right in the party, and in addition it leaves Mr. Attlee's administration in a position of even greater uncertainty than before. The forced retirement of Sir Stafford Cripps, owing to a grave illness, the death of Mr. Ernest Bevin, and the retirement of Mr. Aneurin Bevan have each been factors adding to Mr. Attlee's burden, and this, coupled with the fact that the Premier's health has been undermined, may mean an early General Election. In commenting on Mr. Bevan's resignation, Miss Alice Bacon, M.P., chairman of the Labour Party, declared last week-end: "The Conservatives have tried hard to beat the Labour Government by votes of censure, surprise divisions and by tiring out Government supporters. But the only effect has been to make the general body of the Labour Party more united than ever. It is therefore all the more regrettable that at this time prominent members of the Party are doing their best to succeed where all the efforts of the Tories have failed."

In the United States, the news of Mr. Bevan's resignation was proclaimed on front pages in jubilant headlines.



WOOLTON AND WEBB AT A LONDON LUNCHEON: Mr. Maurice Webb (centre), Minister of Food in the present Government, with Lord Woolton (right), Minister of Food in Mr. Churchill's wartime Coalition Government, and Mr. T. Edward Beale (left), chairman of the Caterers' Association of Great Britain. They met last week at the annual luncheon of the Caterers' Association.

THE CUTLERS' FEAST

Mr. Churchill, the Guest of Honour at Sheffield, Makes a Forthright Speech on Steel

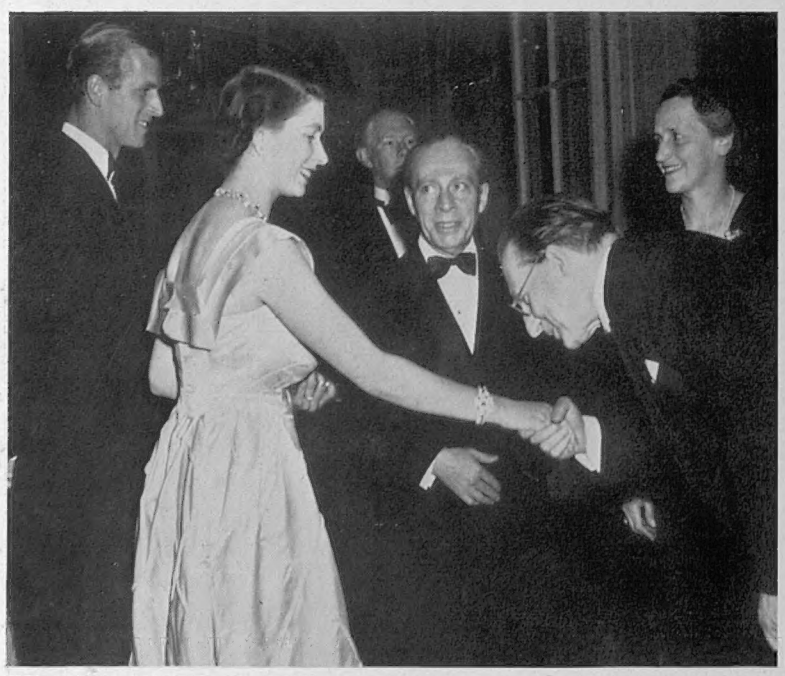
Mr. Churchill was in oratorical form when replying to the toast, "The Houses of Parliament," at the 315th Cutlers' Feast, where he was the principal guest. The Opposition leader (who had been honoured the previous day with the Freedom of Sheffield) had a good deal to say about the Steel Corporation vulture hovering in the sky, with its two grasping claws—uniformity and monopoly. "It has not dared to swoop," said Mr. Churchill, and then, with a prophetic note, declared: "Its life may be short."

Mr. Churchill also recalled his speech at the Cutlers' Feast in 1912, when he was First Lord of the Admiralty. He said then that Sheffield contributed an essential part to the country's naval security. He added that he wished the country was as secure in the air now as it was on the sea forty years ago.

SOME NOTABILITIES AT THE CUTLERS' FEAST IN SHEFFIELD: Left to right, seated—Mr. A. L. Geyer, High Commissioner for South Africa; Mr. Winston Churchill, who was visiting Sheffield to receive the Freedom of the City; Mr. G. Wilton Lee, the Master Cutler; Alderman Keeble Hawson, the Lord Mayor of Sheffield; and the Duke of Norfolk. Left to right, standing—Sir Ronald W. Matthews, Mr. Geoffrey M. Flather, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, High Commissioner for India; Sir Harold West, the Rev. Canon H. C. Foster (Chaplain to the Cutlers) and Mr. R. T. Wilson (Law Clerk to the Cutlers).

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH THE MISTRESS CUTLER, MRS. G. WILTON LEE: They enjoyed an informal chat before the speech-making at the Cutlers' Feast. During the visit to Sheffield Mrs. Churchill saw her husband honoured by the Corporation when he was made thirty-seventh Freeman of the City. (See also page 146 of this issue.)

The DUKE and DUCHESS of EDINBURGH RETURN to ROME: *The State Ball at the Grand Hotel*



THE ROYAL HOLIDAY IN ITALY: *Left*—Princess Elizabeth, with the Duke of Edinburgh standing beside her, greeting Premier de Gasperi at the ball given by the British Commonwealth Ambassadors and Ministers in Rome. Signora de Gasperi is seen standing behind the Premier. *Right*—Princess Elizabeth arriving at Rome railway station, where she was greeted by Lady Mallet. Sir Victor Mallet, the British Ambassador, is seen with the Duke of Edinburgh. During their stay in Florence, Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip were the guests of ex-Queen Helen of Rumania. In Rome they have been the guests of Sir Victor and Lady Mallet.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF DOM ANTONIO OSCAR DE FRAGOSA CARMONA, PRESIDENT OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC: The Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon is seen praying by the bedside of the Marshal, who has died from influenza in his eighty-second year after ruling over Portugal for nearly a quarter of a century. Kneeling behind the Cardinal is Carmona's eldest daughter, Don Maria Ignez, Duchess of Dusmet. The girls kneeling in prayer come from the district Charity House.

THE PASSING OF MARSHAL CARMONA

THE VETERAN PRESIDENT OF THE PORTUGUESE REPUBLIC DIES AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-ONE

Marshal Carmona, after apparently recovering from influenza, suffered a relapse and died at his Lisbon home on April 18, mourned by the nation to which he had given such a measure of stability over a period of twenty-five years. The State funeral took place on April 21, when great crowds lined the route of the cortège from the National Assembly (where there had been a lying-in-state) to the pantheon in the historic Jeronimos Monastery. Ten thousand men of the Portuguese armed forces mounted a guard of honour, and artillery salvoes were fired as the coffin entered the monastery. Marshal Carmona is the third President to be buried in Jeronimos Monastery. Marshal Carmona was born of a military family in Lisbon in 1869, and he entered the Royal Military Academy at the age of thirteen. It was after a distinguished military career that he embraced politics. He became President of Portugal for the first time through a military coup in 1926.

EX-KING HUMBERT OF ITALY PAYS HIS RESPECTS TO THE LATE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL: The ex-King and his aide-de-camp, General Grazziani, seen during their visit to the Palace at the lying-in-state of Marshal Carmona. Since his abdication ex-King Humbert has made his home in Portugal. (General Grazziani is not to be confused with the Italian Marshal who led Mussolini's forces during the Second World War.)

EX-KING CAROL AT THE LISBON HOME OF MARSHAL CARMONA: The former King of Rumania and his wife, Princess Helena (Madame Lupescu), seen with the Court Marshal, Udarianu (right), and Commander Nuno de Brion (left), the late President Carmona's Chief of Household, when they came to pay their respects. Since leaving Mexico King Carol has made his home in Portugal.

SCHUMAN PLAN PACT SIGNED AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY BY MEN OF SIX NATIONS: Creating a European Coal and Steel Community

SIGNING THE SCHUMAN PLAN PACT: M. Robert Schuman, Foreign Minister of France, putting his signature to the historic document in the Salon d'Horloge, at the Quai d'Orsay. The representatives of six nations signed the document which sets up a European coal and steel community. Great Britain is not one of the signatories.

Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister; M. Van Zeeland, the Belgian Foreign Minister; M. Meurice, Belgian Minister for State Trade; M. Schuman, the French Foreign Minister; Count Sforza, the Italian Foreign Minister; M. Bech, Luxembourg Foreign Minister; Dr. Stikker, Dutch Foreign Minister; and M. van Brink, Dutch Trade Minister, signed the instruments of the Schuman Plan Pact in Paris last week, and so the scheme for the pooling of European coal and steel resources is now a reality. The organisation of the declaration States is designed to replace sectional rivalries by a fusion of interests, and it is hoped that it will be the forerunner of a large community of peoples both economic and political now taking shape in the Council of Europe. Britain remains outside the scheme, and Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, has appealed to Britain to reconsider the whole question,

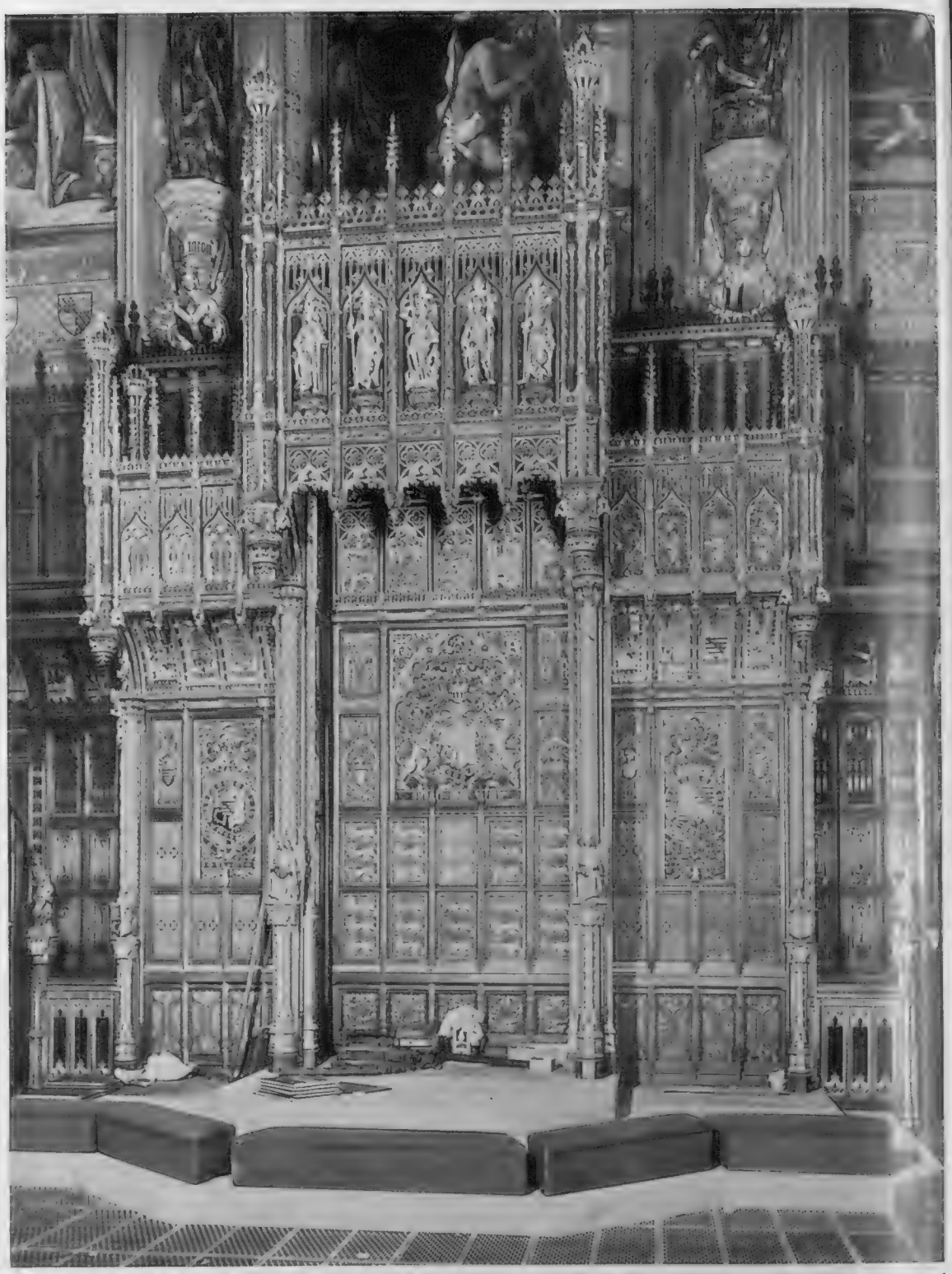
***On right*—ARCHITECTS OF EUROPEAN FUSION: Count Sforza (Italy), Robert Schuman (France), Dr. Adenauer (Germany), and Dr. Stikker (Holland) seen together after signing the Pact.**

RENOVATING THE HOUSE OF LORDS

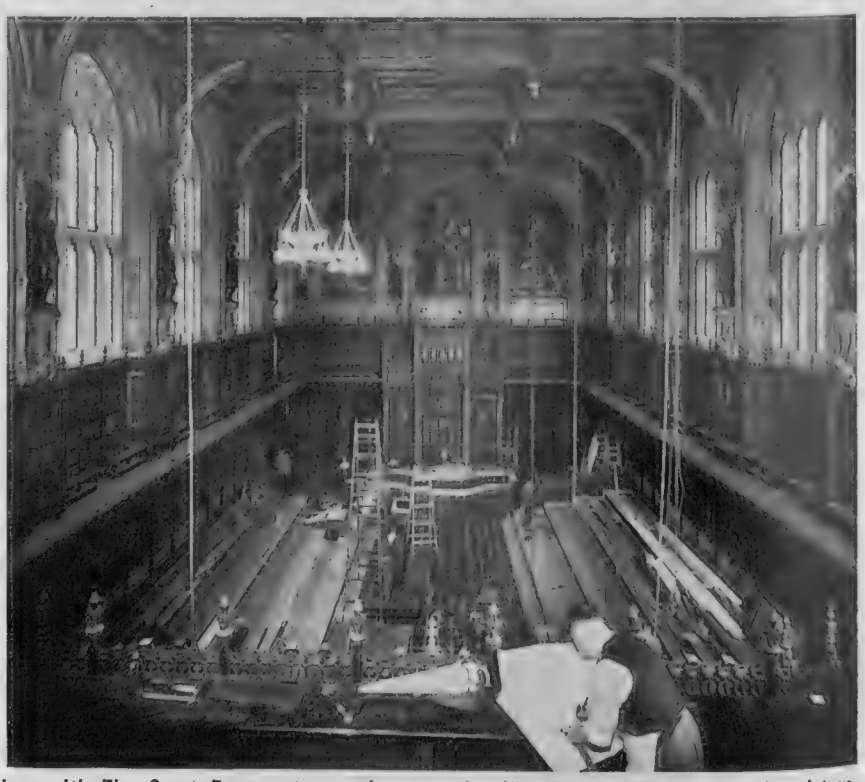
The Progress of the Work on the Peers' Chamber After Its Use by the Commons

RENOVATING THE CHAMBER OF THE UPPER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AFTER ITS USE BY THE COMMONS: A view of the Chamber looking towards the Bar and Public Gallery (north) and showing the work in progress on the new seating accommodation. The seating space is to be reduced in order to make room for Peeresses' seats behind the Bar.

Last October, when the Members of the House of Commons returned to their newly-restored Chamber, it was decided that before the Peers again took up residence in their own Chamber, the House of Lords should be cleaned and renovated. So, for the past few months a small army of craftsmen, under the supervision of Mr. P. Boyt, Surveyor to the Ministry of Works Houses of Parliament Maintenance Division, has been giving the Lords' Chamber a thorough overhaul. Part of the floor of the Chamber has been renewed, together with new seating accommodation and repairs to the roof. The large mural paintings over the Throne and the Bar of the House have been restored, and carvers are at work in various parts of the Chamber. When the cleaning and restoration work is completed the Upper House will have an amplifying system similar to that enjoyed by the Members of the Commons in their new Chamber. Meanwhile, and until the cleaning is finished (probably some time in May), the Peers are continuing to meet in the King's Robing Room, in which place they have met since they vacated their own quarters in 1941.



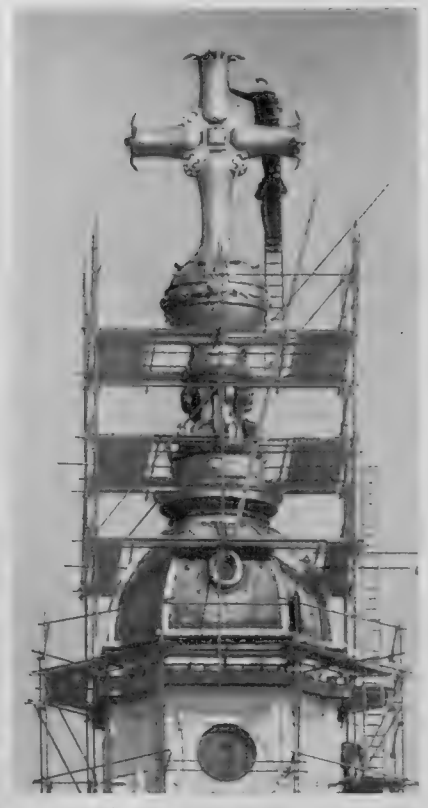
THE REGILDED THRONE REREDOS CANOPY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: At the top of the picture may be seen parts of the huge Italian Renaissance-style frescoes. The present cleaning of the Chamber is the first of any great consequence to be carried out there for the past forty years. For many weeks the House was covered with scaffolding which had been erected for the purpose of cleaning the walls and ceiling. The Houses of Parliament were hit no fewer than twelve times by bombs during the war and the Commons was destroyed in May, 1941.



OUTSIDE AND INSIDE THE CHAMBER: *On left*—The Peers Lobby seen after its cleaning, with The Great Brass entrance doors to the Chamber on the right of the picture. *On right*—A view looking towards the Throne, and showing the galleries (without their normal brass railings) and tiers being prepared for the new benches. Bronze statues of the Magna Carta barons line the walls. The House of Lords forms part of the building erected in 1857 to the design of Sir Charles Barry.

REGILDING the CROSS and BALL of ST. PAUL'S

Men at Work on the Highest Point in London, 365 ft. Above Street Level



AT WORK ON THE HIGHEST POINT IN LONDON: The regilding of the Golden Cross and ball of St. Paul's Cathedral in progress just prior to the opening of the Festival of Britain.

HIGH OVER THE MASSIVE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—WORKMEN ENGAGED ON THE CLEANING AND REGILDING OF THE GOLDEN CROSS AND BALL WHICH CROWN THE CUPOLA AND LANTERN: This is the first post-war cleaning of the uppermost part of the Cathedral and it is being carried out in time for the Festival of Britain. The last regilding took place in 1930, but during the preparations for the Silver Jubilee celebrations of King George V the Cross and ball shared in the general cleaning of the Cathedral. When the Cross and ball were last regilded the men used between 25,000 and 30,000 gold leaves each measuring 3¼ ins. square. This year more gold leaf may have to be applied. The previous regilding to 1930 took place seventeen years earlier. Henry Sharr, one of the men engaged in work on the Cross, has been doing this type of work for thirty years, and has worked on the St. Paul's Cross five times in all.

ON THE ROOF OF LONDON—WORKMEN PERCHED ON AND AROUND THE CROSS AND BALL OF THE CATHEDRAL: *On left*—Reg Bedwell, of Westminster, seen at work on the huge Cross. *On right*—Washing down the ball at the foot of the Cross. All that stood between the men and the ground was often only a strip of scaffold-board 11 ins. wide—or a precarious foothold upon a scaffold-tube 2 ins. in diameter. The progress of the work depended on the state of the weather.

GERMANS DON FOREIGN UNIFORMS IN FORCE

A Post-war Trend in West and East

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"DESPITE the fact that the only Germans now bearing arms are in the Eastern Zone . . ."

It all depends what Vernon Bartlett means by bearing arms; or may his lighthouse beam, deservedly respected, for once have skipped a thing or two going on in foreign parts abroad?

For example, it might have halted in the Western Zone and there lit up Germans bearing arms, and, what is more, under the "shrill falsetto" commands of a British Guards sergeant ("in the Wehrmacht, we got our orders barked at us, crisp and snappy," commented one of these Germans back in uniform).

No, I'm not supplying ammunition for Gromyko at the Villa Rose. Merely reporting the "Shoulder arms!" which echoes across the parade-ground of the Scharnhorst Barracks at Osnabrueck, where about a company (full strength) of German volunteers is being trained in handling and firing the British rifle, among other things.

Those who pass the course (and they all should, for they are out to show their paces, and mostly ex-officer or ex-N.C.O.) will go back to train others of the 30,000 (customarily unarmed) mechanics, drivers and clerks of the "German Service Organisation" who volunteer to become "watchmen" and bear arms in such as a sabotage emergency.

Then they will be soldiers in the sense that they will wear uniforms (and how Scharnhorst would have hated to see them in their shabbily-dyed dark brown British battle-dress with black berets), live in barracks, and salute Allied officers and their own "overseers" (mustn't call them "officers"; just "Superintendent" and "Chief Foreman").

They will remain civilians in the sense that they may belong to West German trade unions, can dress as they like and go where they like after work is over and are subject to German civil justice.

In fact, they must be the nearest yet evolved to "soldier and civvy too."

Same thing in the French and American Zones, which share the authorised 30,000. German rifles and light machine-guns captured in the war are being handed back by the French, but the West German Government will have to buy tommy-guns and pistols from abroad.

On the other hand, the U.S. Army in Germany has barred Germans and Marshall Plan or Atlantic Pact citizens from joining the D.P. Legion, 2,500 strong, which would *not* be confined to watchmen's activities. The eventual prize is American citizenship for those who serve the five years. Meanwhile, during thirteen weeks basic training "over there," none of the D.P. Legion may marry.

There have been reiterated demands by the firier American senators and Congressmen for the formation of a German volunteer force, but this has so far been resisted on the score that it would be playing into the Kremlin propagandists' hands. A second aspect apt to be lost sight of is that a good deal of the volunteer strain has already been tapped.

German soldiers are already serving in foreign armies in divers parts of the world, and despite the sovietized East German regime's efforts to call them off, and back to the (East German) Fatherland, there is no abatement in the number of Germans seeking service under alien colours, the fact being that such service appeals more than ever at the present time to a distinctive type of German.

Germany's war generation of World War II took a terrific beating in the end, everywhere it had showed its head. According to figures lately issued, the deaths of 1,650,000 soldiers have been confirmed, while 1,600,000 who were reported missing five years ago are now also listed among the dead.

Those who returned alive did so at first almost in disgrace. To this day—I refer to West Germany only—they and theirs have the lowest-scale pensions, grants and aids, if any. Not until last September was the first gesture manifest, signifying a change from this frozen attitude, when a Remembrance Day was inaugurated.

Small wonder one hears so much "*ohne mich*" among the ex-soldiers and young men of Germany: "Let war roll over Europe! Let who will join up, but—without me!"

That's the many talking, some of them steered, no doubt, by that strange neutralist priest and former U-boat commander, Pastor Niemoller. But there's also the few, or the relatively few.

When bereft of uniform, the average German officer and careerist N.C.O. is at heart a *condottieri*, a soldier of fortune. Add, in the case of the late war, and as a special circumstance, the types bred by Rommel's Afrika Korps, and maybe youths since impressed by them in Germany, and you see Germans who are very definitely bearing arms, in addition to the Stalinist "Bereitschaften," or "alert groups," in the East Zone.

When the Korean War was yet young, a reputable German newspaper, the *Westdeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, assessed the total number of these sea-crossing adventurer-mercenaries at about 100,000—which approximates to the total proposed for German combat teams in West Germany. That was several months ago, and the 100,000 must be well left behind by now.

The *Allgemeine* went on to point out that something of the tradition of the eighteenth century had survived in that Germans were to-day fighting for every kind of government and sometimes against one another.

A notable proportion of Afrika Korps veterans have found their way back to the Middle East. Their number was given last autumn as upwards of 12,000 men; 6,000 with the Egyptians, 4,000 in Syria, and 2,000 in Iraq. Yet I imagine this total—since said to have topped 16,000 for the whole Middle East—refers to other Germans besides ex-Rommelians.

"The penetration of German military instructors and 'commercial travellers' into the Middle East is a danger to the stability of the area," complains the political correspondent of Haifa's *Davar*. He goes on to say that this penetration hinders the conclusion of a peace treaty between Israel and the Arab countries, and instances, in particular, the presence of Germans training the Egyptian Air Force and instructing at Egypt's Military Academy, "though the same thing applies to other Arab countries too."

Having seen a train of Afrika Korps men on the way back from captivity five years after they had been taken at Tunis, I am not a bit surprised at this turn—or return—of events. Hard, bronzed fellows, they looked with questioning scowls at us and the (Austrian) countryside, while their coaches were decorated with slogans such as: "To hell with the world! We give not a damn for it!"

They are back in their Asia Minor and African element. Incidentally, several thousand are ready to go back to the Tripoli–Benghazi–Alexandria line, though this would not be in uniform. I'm not sure if many haven't already gone, or perhaps they opted to stay behind when their captivity ended.

Crossing a continent, north to south, the South African Defence Minister, Mr. Erasmus, may deny the figure of 250 former Wehrmacht officers as having arrived in the Union last summer, mainly from the Hanover region. But he would find it hard to deny that jobs continually await Germans who can advise and train the South African forces, now that the British have been dispensed with as instructors.

And just off South Africa, whom should we find considerably garrisoning France's Madagascar but some 3,000 Germans enrolled in the Foreign Legion. The large island acts as a stage for points farther east.

The French absolutely decline to say how many Germans have served, or are serving, with the Foreign Legion in Indo-China. All that is known is that Germans have been there for two or three years, and have suffered heavy casualties—such is evident from the ever-renewed French scouring for replacements from Germany and Austria.

A young German serving near Haiphong writes (according to the West German news agency D.P.A.) that 60 per cent. of the legionaries in Indo-China are Germans, some only eighteen years old; that Germans find themselves fighting Germans; that crossing the lines is common, usually in the direction of Viet-Minh. What this does is not exactly clear, but Gerhart Eisler, the East German information chief, did recently produce fifteen former legionaries alleged to have gone over to Viet-Minh.

They were said to be an advance party of sixty-nine Germans who went over fourteen months ago, and the fifteen had taken since last August to return across China and the Soviet Union. Eisler told the Press that the French had had 175,000 Germans in six years, of whom 40,000 had been killed, but we need not worry about such figures in order to make the point that Germans are well and truly bearing arms in Indo-China.

It is believed that from eight to ten thousand "converted" Nazis are serving Mao Tse-tung, many of them in important staff posts. None have been captured in Korea, but neither have any Russians been taken. It is known that during the autumn several units of German veterans of the Greek War were waiting in Valona for shipment out of Albania to the Far East.

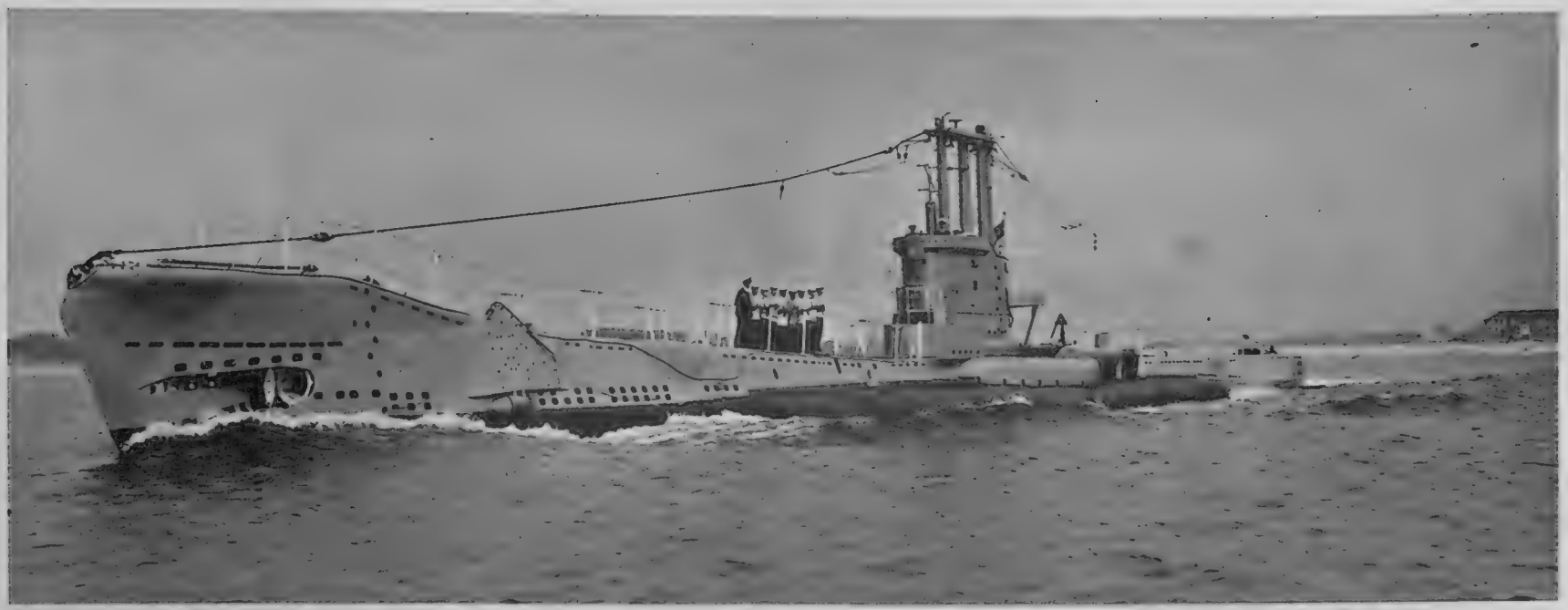
The *Allgemeine* writes that the Russians secured plenty of German volunteers in 1945 by offering them terms as mercenaries as the only alternative to their classification as war criminals. This would probably refer mostly to specialists and technicians.

However they were raised, Germans have been used by Russia in each theatre of war since 1945.

Then there's the East German Army, a minimum of 50,000 hard-bitten ex-Wehrmacht men, who, many dread, are cast for the role of the North Koreans; that is to say, the 50,000 would advance to "liberate" the West Germans, and did they run into trouble from the Allies, as did the North Koreans from the U.N. forces, then might the six Soviet armies, or 32 divisions held in the Soviet Zone, move up in support, even as did the Chinese in Korea.

Finally, South American republics have long had a predilection for German Army instructors, although Germany's most valued ambassadors in that quarter, the nuclear scientists, do not bear arms.

GERHART EISLER, EAST GERMAN PROPAGANDA CHIEF, INTRODUCES FORMER GERMAN MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION WHO HAVE FOUGHT IN VIET NAM AND ARE SAID TO HAVE DESERTED: *Top*—One of the ex-Legionaries addressing a Berlin Press conference, and (*below*) Eisler making his statement. The propaganda chief, in introducing the Legionaries, said that they were members of a party of sixty-nine who had gone over from the Legion to the forces of Viet-Minh. They had since come back to Germany via China and the Soviet Union. Mr. Tuohy refers to this development in his article this week.



H.M.S. "AFFRAY," A 1,600-TON SUBMARINE OF THE "A" CLASS, WHICH WAS THE OBJECT OF A 2,000-SQUARE-MILE SEARCH WHEN SHE DISAPPEARED AFTER DIVING WHILE ON EXERCISES IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: The *Affray*, engaged on a training cruise, had on board seventy-five officers and men, some of them under instruction. She dived at 9.15 p.m. on Monday, April 16, her position then being 30 miles S.S.W. of the Needles Light, off the Isle of Wight. A wide-sweeping search by ships and aircraft was instituted as soon as the submarine was overdue, but after forty-eight hours there was a complete absence of any clues as to the submarine's whereabouts or as to what had happened to her, although at an early stage it was erroneously reported that contact had been established. Ships of four nations joined the search, sixty vessels in all at one period of the hunt.

THE HUNT FOR "AFFRAY"

HOW SOME SIXTY CRAFT SEARCHED THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FOR THE MISSING "A" CLASS SUBMARINE OF THE ROYAL NAVY

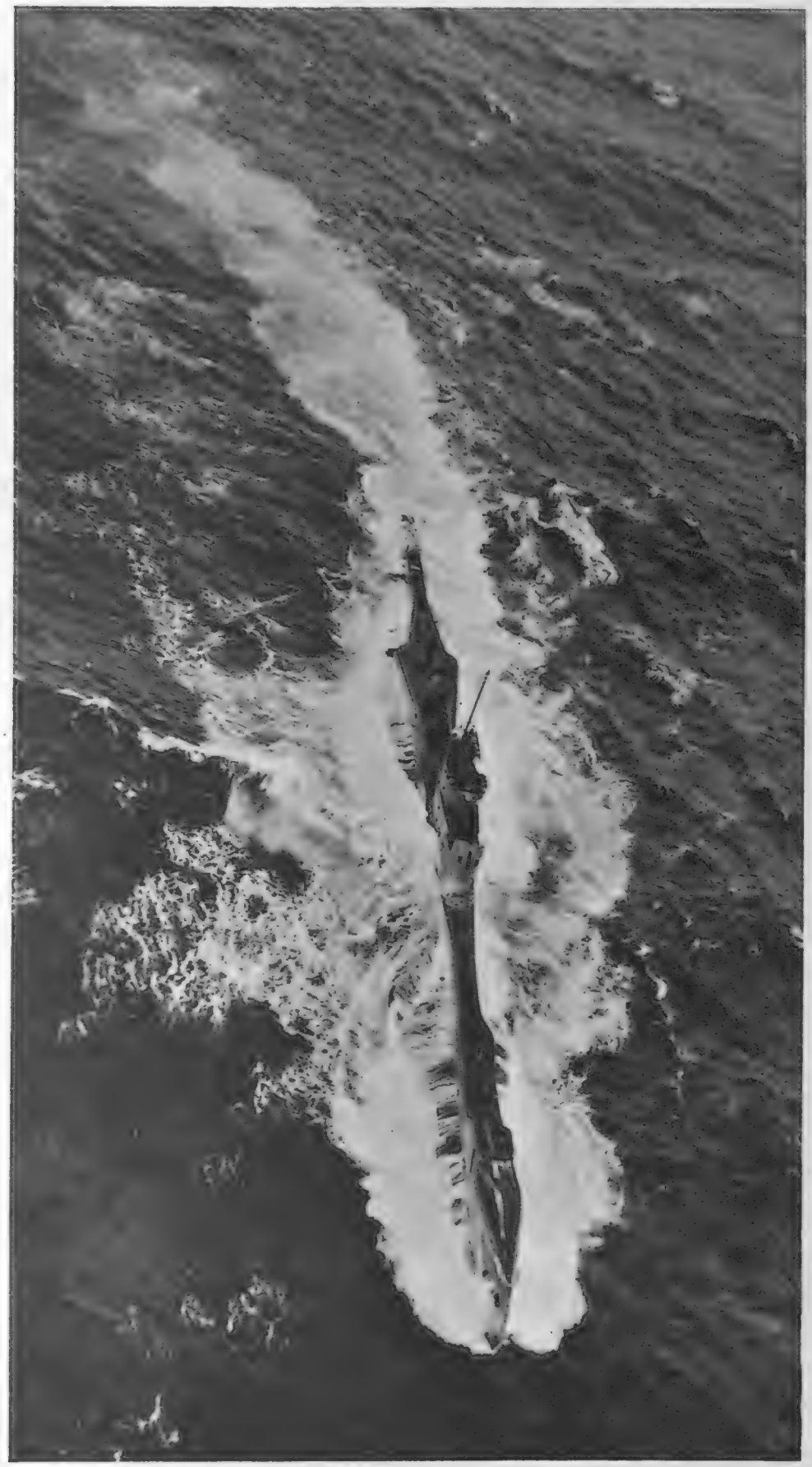
Last week the search for the *Affray* developed into the biggest sea-hunt of recent years, and at the height of the search there were actually sixty ships engaged in making systematic sweeps of the Channel and in exchanging signals. The news of a possible disaster first became known on the morning of April 17 when the Admiralty made the announcement that "The submarine H.M.S. *Affray* (Lieutenant John Blackburn, D.S.C.) has not surfaced as expected after diving while on exercises." Long before this announcement, "Operation Subsmash" had been put into action. Coastal Command and naval aircraft were brought in to assist. Divers were flown from Scotland to reinforce those already in the area, and the following ships were among those which joined in the sweep over 2,000 square miles of sea: the flotilla leader *Agincourt*; four frigates—*Headingham Castle, Helmsdale, Tintagel Castle, Flint Castle*; three minesweepers—*Pluto, Gossamer*, and *Marvel*; the salvage vessel *Reclaim*; the radar training ship *Boxer*; the destroyers *Ulysses* and *Contest*; seven submarines—*Amphion, Ambush, Trespasser, Sea Devil, Scythian, Scorcher* and *Sirdar*; the American destroyers *Perry* and *Ellison*; three French ships—submarine chasers *Lancier* and *Lansquenet*, and the patrol vessel *Oise*; and the Belgian frigate *Victor Billet*. Several other ships later converged on the area.

As hour succeeded hour, however, there was no change in the situation. The course of the *Affray* was almost in the centre of the busy Channel shipping lanes. A message was broadcast at hourly intervals to all shipping asking vessels to keep a sharp look-out for survivors and to report wreckage, oil on the surface, or any other likely indications of a submarine disaster. But there were no clues of any significance. What puzzled naval experts most was that no marker buoy appeared. The *Affray* was equipped with a standard-type marker buoy affixed to her hull. In an emergency in which the vessel is immobilised beneath the surface it is usual for the marker buoy to be released automatically from inside. The *Affray* was well equipped with escape apparatus. The Admiralty stated after the disappearance of the submarine that there were more than enough escape suits on board the submarine as well as a number of thermal escape suits, which protect the wearer against water and exposure. The *Affray* was equipped with an escape hatch in its gun tower.

THREE SUBMARINES WHICH SCOURED THE ENGLISH CHANNEL IN THE HUNT FOR THE MISSING "AFFRAY": When the *Affray* became overdue the code word "Subsmash" was sent out for the second time since the war, the first occasion having been in 1950 when the *Truculent* sank in the Thames Estuary. This code word set in operation the procedure for submarine accidents, and was sent to all commanders, ships and shore establishments, coastguards and salvage vessels in the area.

b

THE HUNT FOR H.M.S. "AFFRAY"



SUBMARINES PLAY THEIR PART IN THE GREAT HUNT OVER 2,000 SQUARE MILES OF SEA: *Above*—A submarine amid a welter of foam as she circled within the search area. Taking part in the search were the submarines *Amphion, Ambush, Trespasser, Sea Devil, Scythian, Scorcher* and *Sirdar*. The rescue submarines sought to trace the *Affray's* westward course by starting from the exact spot from which her commander signalled he was diving. They then followed the same course under water. *On right*—The *Trespasser* (in foreground), a sister submarine, and two destroyers engaged in the search. The *Trespasser* belongs to the "T" class, the same class as the ill-fated *Truculent*. The *Affray* is of the "A" class (now temporarily withdrawn) and of a different hull formation to *Trespasser* and *Truculent*. The *Affray* was completed in 1946 by Cammell, Laird and Co. Soon after completion she went to the Far East, returning to Portsmouth during 1948.

DAWN BREAKS IN THE CHANNEL AND THE RESCUE FLEET BEGINS TO MASS IN THE AREA SOUTH OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT, WHERE THE SUBMARINE "AFFRAY" WAS KNOWN TO HAVE MADE HER LAST DIVE: At first hopes were raised high when it was announced that contact had been made. The news proved to be untrue, and so the search went on with diminishing hope.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SUBMARINE ESCAPE: This picture was taken inside one of the torpedo-stowage compartments of an "A" class submarine, similar to the *Affray*. Here the twill escape trunk, which is normally folded concertina-wise around the circular escape hatch overhead, is in its extended position and ready for use. The escape trunk is held in position by four stays attached to the floor, and a portable ladder is in position. Below and between the brackets on the left, which are specially shaped to hold spare torpedoes, is the nest of drawers in which the life-saving suits are kept. The man seen in the picture is wearing the new rubberised nylon immersion suit in its uninflated form. It is worn in conjunction with the Davis Escape apparatus. Beneath the D.E.A. is an apron which is used for checking the speed of rising to the surface after leaving the escape hatch, and beneath the apron are loops provided for the boat-hooks of the rescuers waiting on the surface. If these immersion suits had been available in H.M.S. *Truculent*, when she sank in the Thames Estuary in January, 1950, many of the men who came to the surface by Davis Escape and were swept away by the tide might have been saved.

THE SEARCH BY AIR AND BY SEA: An aircraft and two warships seen during the first day of the intensive search for H.M.S. *Affray*. R.A.F. Lancasters and Walrus air-sea rescue planes were among the aircraft used.

PROBING THE SEAS IN THE SEARCH FOR "AFFRAY": During the hunt in the English Channel every possible object was picked up in the hope that it would provide a clue regarding the whereabouts of the missing *Affray*.

A FOREIGN NEWS SURVEY

A Pictorial Record of Events on Four Continents

ETHIOPIA DEMONSTRATES HER BELIEF IN COLLECTIVE SECURITY : The Emperor Haile Selassie seen inspecting a battalion of his best Ethiopian troops before they left Addis Ababa en route to the Far East, where they will fight alongside other United Nations forces in Korea. In his farewell address the Emperor declared : "Soldiers, you are fighting not only for freedom as we know it in Ethiopia, and the right of each people to its freedom. You are also representing and defending in a far corner of the earth the most sacred principle of modern international polity—that principle is collective security, with which the name of Ethiopia is imperishably associated." Recalling the help of Allied forces in the Middle East in the liberation of Ethiopia, the Emperor reminded his soldiers : "In paying this debt, you are laying the basis for a universal system of collective security in behalf of your own homeland as well as of all nations of the world, be they great or small, powerful or weak."

BLAIR HOUSE, WASHINGTON, WHERE THE DOWNFALL OF GENERAL MacARTHUR WAS DECIDED UPON IN A LATE-NIGHT SESSION : Blair House is the home of the President pending the reconstruction of the Presidential quarters in the White House. It was to Blair House that General Bradley ; Dean Rusk, Assistant Secretary of State ; Matthew Connelly, Secretary to the President ; and Joseph Short, White House Press Secretary, brought the documents which they had been working on all day and which related to the dismissal of the General. At this final Blair House meeting, it is now revealed, there was an animated discussion on the probable reaction to the President's order. The President then gave the signal to go ahead, and at midnight telephone calls went out from the White House summoning the correspondents to hear the announcement. Newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts were given an alert. It was 3 p.m. in Tokyo when the dismissal notice reached MacArthur.

A FRIEND OF GIULIANO IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE : Gaspere Pisciotta, cousin and lieutenant of the deceased bandit king, Salvatore Giuliano, shaking hands with an acquaintance on arrival by "Black Maria" at the court-house at Viterbo, Italy, where he has been put on trial for various crimes connected with his association with Giuliano. The bandit king, it may be remembered, met his death at Palermo in December of last year.

Below—

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND HER FAMILY ON HOLIDAY IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE : From left to right in this group taken on the terrace of the Villa Malboso at Grasse, Provence, are—Prince Raymond della Torre e Tarso ; Prince Michael, younger brother of the Duke of Kent ; Prince Georges Andre Radzivil, son of Princess Eugenie of Greece ; Princess Tatiana Radzivil, daughter of Princess Eugenie of Greece ; Princess Alexandra, daughter of the Duchess of Kent ; the Duchess of Kent ; Edward, Duke of Kent ; Princess Olga, sister of the Duchess of Kent and wife of former Regent Paul ; Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Princess Olga ; standing at back is Princess Eugenie of Greece.

THEY WILL HAVE 150 ROYAL GUESTS AT THEIR WEDDING : Archduke Otto of Austria, son of ex-Empress Zita and the late Emperor Charles, and claimant to the thrones of Austria and Hungary, seen with his bride-to-be, the twenty-five-year-old Princess Regina of Saxe Meiningen. They have been in Paris choosing the Princess's trousseau, and will be married in Nancy on May 10 at the Church of the Cordeliers. The couple met while they were both engaged in welfare work among displaced persons in Germany. Among the 150 Royal guests at the wedding will be the ex-Empress Zita, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, and Archduke Maximilien, brother of the bridegroom's father, the late Emperor Charles. On several occasions between the wars it was thought that the Archduke Otto might regain one of his lost thrones, but the bid for power was never made.

A WEST BERLIN LAKE GIVES UP ITS BOMBS—RAISING 500 TONS OF PHOSPHOR BOMBS FROM THE WRECK OF A BARGE, SUNK IN 1945: Workmen engaged in heaping the bombs on the shore of the lake in Schwanenwarder, after recovery by divers. It will be some time yet before the lake is declared safe for swimming. The party of divers which has been called in to bring the bombs to the surface is led by Herbert Piepkorn, a forty-one-year-old refugee from the Soviet Zone of Germany. The bombs weigh between 1 and 5 cwts. each.

SPANISH COMMUNISTS DESCRIBE THEIR LIFE IN RUSSIA: General Valentin Gonzales and Julian Gorkin (right), two prominent Spanish Communists who fled to Russia after the Spanish Civil War, seen at a Press conference in West Berlin sponsored by the International Committee for the European Resistance Movement Against Communism. Both men addressed the conference. Gonzales described how he was first welcomed in Russia and made a General in the Red Army. Later he was deported to Siberia for his resistance to Communist Party policies. He managed to escape from there and, like Gorkin, has reached West Berlin. Gorkin, one of the founders of the Communist Party in Spain, has been sentenced to death by the Russians. Gonzales says that of 6,000 Spanish Communists who found sanctuary in Russia, only 1,200 are still living.

PRINCE RAINIER III OF MONACO CELEBRATES THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ACCESSION: *Left*—The Prince, resplendent in a uniform of royal blue with gold epaulettes, mounting the steps of the cathedral in Monaco to attend a Te Deum. *Right*—Kissing the ring of the bishop, Mgr. Riviere, at the head of the cathedral steps. On this anniversary of the accession ceremonies of 1950 (not of the enthronement, which was in November 1949), Prince Rainier unveiled a statue of Prince Albert I of Monaco, the celebrated traveller and oceanographer. Prince Rainier, latest ruler of the house of Grimaldi, is the son of Princess Charlotte, Duchess of Valentinois, daughter of Prince Louis II, former ruler of Monaco, and of Pierre, Comte de Polignac. Monaco has belonged to the house of Grimaldi ever since the year 1297.

SIAM'S PREMIER AND FOREIGN MINISTER GO TO SWITZERLAND TO REGISTER THE BIRTH OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER: The Premier, Svacti Swasdikiati (right), and M. Promyothi seen on the terrace of their hotel at Lausanne following their arrival in Switzerland. The news of the birth of a daughter to King Phumibol Adulyadej and Queen Sirikit of Siam was broadcast in Bangkok on Friday, April 6, and Saturday was declared a holiday. The event was celebrated with traditional festivities.

THE PARIS MEETING OF MEMBERS OF THE EUROPEAN ASSEMBLY: Stephano Jacini, of Italy, Duncan Sandys, of Great Britain, and Marga Klompe, of Holland, at the meeting at the Quai d'Orsay of the joint committee drawn from the Committee of Ministers of the Council of Europe and from the Consultative Assembly. One of the main purposes of the meeting was to solve differences which have arisen on the question of the competence of the Council of Europe in matters of defence. M. Spaak, who presided, declared afterwards that on the question of defence he thought that the Ministers had received not too unfavourably his suggestion, on behalf of the Assembly, that they should interpret the statute in a liberal sense to allow the Assembly to discuss the broad aspects of defence.

EIGHT MEN of MUMBLES

The South Wales Lifeboat which Replaced the Ill-fated "Edward, Prince of Wales"; and the Town which Once Gained Its Living from the Sea

ON April 23, 1947, as a 70-mile-an-hour Atlantic gale swept up the Bristol Channel, the 7,219-ton steamship *Samtampa* suffered heavy damage from the mounting seas, and began to drift, battered and disabled, towards the rocks of Sker Point. At Tenby, far to the west, her S O S was picked up and flashed to the coastguards at Mumbles, a lifeboat station on the far side of Swansea Bay. As night fell, the lifeboat maroon soared into the sky, its thunderous explosion bringing the villagers hurrying down to the pier; and eight men of Mumbles set out to sea, thinking the job would prove no worse than many they had done before. Failing to find the *Samtampa*, the coxswain took his boat into Porthcawl—an operation of great danger in the huge seas—learned the latest position of the drifting vessel, and once more steamed out in search of it. The lifeboat was not seen again until dawn—lying hull upwards on the rocks below Sker Point. For the first time in the history of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, an entire crew had been drowned. It was a double tragedy, and among the worst ever to occur in British waters, for the *Samtampa*, too, had been driven aground near the Point, and there broke in two.

Eight men cannot die in a much inter-married community without every one of their neighbours feeling a profound sense of personal loss. In the first shock of the disaster, some people in Mumbles prophesied that the village would never raise another crew. The lifeboat station, they said, would remain an empty, useless memorial to the drowned men. How wrong they were was proved a fortnight later when enough volunteers stepped forward to make up two crews.

Were Mumbles men still oystermen, as they were for generations, no one would have questioned the continuation of voluntary service; but the young men of the village have turned their backs on the sea as a means of earning their livelihood. The famous oyster-beds are cultivated only haphazardly by retired fishermen. Their sons are week-end yachtsmen, or no more than amateur sea fishermen, making a playground of the tricky waters around Nash Point, Sker Point and Margham Beach, where their fathers and grandfathers risked their lives in the sterner business of winning a living from the sea.

These are the men who have taken on the job of the lost crew. Like the men who man 153 other lifeboats around Britain's coasts, they have a voluntary, part-time occupation with little financial reward but a good deal of local respect. Sometimes they may achieve fame, like William Gammon, coxswain of the last Mumbles crew, who took part in saving 177 lives in his seventeen years of service. Gammon won the gold medal of the R.N.L.I. during the war when he took the Mumbles boat across the well of the sinking Canadian frigate *Cheboque* to take off men trapped on the bridge. Since the disaster four years ago, the Mumbles boat has gone to sea sixteen times without being called upon to rescue anybody. In addition, a practice launch is held every six weeks to enable the coxswain to give the crew general training and experience at the wheel. For this each man is paid 11s. At Mumbles, both coxswain and mechanic are full-time employees, earning 6 guineas a week. Other crewmen get small retainers, and when called out in winter months earn 20s. for the first two hours at sea, and 5s. an hour thereafter. In summer the pay is lower.

To-day, Mumbles has the youngest lifeboat crew in the country, with an average age of thirty-three years against an average of forty-one for the last crew. The oldest man on board is the coxswain, William Garner.

THE 1947 TRAGEDY OFF SKER POINT, PORTHCAWL, NORTH WALES: The wrecked Mumbles lifeboat lying hull upwards on the rocks after capsizing when going to the aid of the *Samtampa*. All the crew members of both lifeboat and freighter lost their lives. *On right*—Members of the new Mumbles lifeboat crew seen racing down the narrow streets to the lifeboat pier. They are some of the eight men who have replaced the crew of the ill-fated *Edward, Prince of Wales*. The Mumbles lifeboat station, which is situated on a dangerous coast, was established in 1835.

DOWN THE SLIPWAY AND INTO THE WATER TEN MINUTES AFTER THE SOUNDING OF THE WARNING MAROON: The *William L. Gammon* was named after the coxswain of the former boat, and was presented to Mumbles by the people of Manchester following the disaster of the *Edward, Prince of Wales*. The latter was of the standard "Watson" type.

He knows every eddy of the Bristol Channel, but like all men with long knowledge of the moods of the sea, he has a deep sense of humility. Next year, Coxswain Garner reaches retiring age, but according to the rules he may serve for a further five years if passed fit and if his crew agrees. Second coxswain is his son, Jack Garner, now the only professional fisherman in the crew. Jack holds a master's ticket from the Board of Trade, and is proving to the other members of the crew that fishing can be a paying game to-day.

The new lifeboat is a 50-ft. diesel-powered craft of the latest type, with 201 air cases to make it unsinkable, radio equipment, and room for 100 people. In recognition of the achievements of the former coxswain, it was named the *William L. Gammon*. The boat's motor mechanic is another Gammon, Robert John (second cousin to William), who has saved life without benefit of lifeboat. While working on the lifeboat pier last summer, he noticed that a diver, who had gone down to examine the foundations of the pier, was in trouble. He dived in fully-dressed and brought the man to the surface. For this he was awarded the medal of the Royal Humane Society.

Assistant mechanic Ronald Phelps is on permanent duty as night supervisor at the Swansea Telephone Exchange. A 'phone call from the coastguard station sends him streaking down the road on his motor-cycle to Mumbles, five miles away. Keeping the Mumbles record, he can be sliding down the slipway in the fully-manned lifeboat within ten minutes of the firing of the warning maroon. Signalman John Parfitt has twice had first-hand experience of sea rescue. As a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, he celebrated D-Day by being blown into the sea by a stray shell. After the war he found another good reason for volunteering for lifeboat service when the Mumbles boat stood by while he swam ashore from a capsized dinghy.

Babies of the crew are Derek Scott and William ("Ginger") Clement, both twenty-two. Derek is bowman of the lifeboat, and a boat-builder by trade. "Ginger" once saved his own life by grimly clinging on to a converted ship's lifeboat which capsized in rough water. Terry Kift, nephew of the coxswain, had just such an experience in far worse circumstances. Torpedoed off Iceland, he spent two hours in freezing waters before being picked up, to spend a night in an open boat. Mrs. Kift has a horror that the same, or worse, may happen to him again. But, like the wives of all the lifeboatmen, she knows the real meaning of the international brotherhood of the sea, which sends lifeboatmen out into stormy seas somewhere, every day of the year. And, like them, she already knows the suspense of the long vigil which comes when the maroon sounds and a gale is howling out at sea.

The seven widows of Mumbles do not forget that same tense fear. They live quietly in Mumbles on pensions paid by the R.N.L.I. on the Services' scale. Their children will be educated and cared for by the Institution, and they themselves can turn to the local honorary secretary for advice and help. By actuarial calculation, the fund of £98,000 (raised at the time of the Sker Point disaster) will be exhausted only with the death of the last direct dependant. But no actuarial calculation can tell how many more widows there will be by then, those left at home to watch the ceaseless struggle to wrest lives from the grip of the sea.

Paul Nugat

AN EXERCISE RUN OF ONE OF BRITAIN'S 154 LIFEBOATS—THE "WILLIAM L. GAMMON" RIDES THE WAVES: The Mumbles lifeboat with her crew standing together in the cockpit for shelter, seen during a cruise. The boat is 50 ft. long and has room for 100 people. It has a range of 280 miles at a speed of 8½ knots, and is driven by diesel engines. The coxswain is fifty-nine-year-old William Garner, who has fished in local waters for over forty years.

TANKS PATROL IN ABADAN

Persian Troops Take Over in the Oil-Refinery Town Where Rioting and Strikes Have Brought Work Almost to a Standstill

On April 12 the tension in South Persia over the question of oil nationalisation developed into serious rioting at Abadan, the town which had grown up round the world's greatest refinery, and Bandar Mashur, the crude-oil loading port. At Bandar Mashur a mob of about 2,200 was met by security forces, and, after refusing to disperse, firing broke out and there were casualties on both sides. On the same day there were hostile demonstrations at Abadan, with a crowd of 4,000 clashing with troops outside the Technical Institute. On that occasion nine Persians were killed and eleven wounded. Since then there has been rioting and demonstrations throughout the oil area, and the Military Governor of Abadan has been hard put to it to maintain authority in the town. Last week there was an indication that some of the strikers were drifting back to work, but most of the units at the Abadan refinery were still at a complete standstill. The newly-opened £6,000,000 catalytic cracking plate was kept in operation, however. After April 12 no cargo vessels were loaded or unloaded at the port, but tankers were still being loaded from supplies in stock before the refinery shut. All Americans, numbering about twenty, for the most part workers on the erection of the cracking plant, had left Abadan by April 19. No British families had left at that date.

THE MILITARY GOVERNOR OF ABADAN REMONSTRATES WITH THE STRIKERS: Brigadier-General Azizollah Kamal with arms upraised as he spoke to a gathering of young apprentices from the Abadan refinery. Last week, after the military had put down the riots, there were still many thousands of workers idle in Abadan, and throughout the oil-field area. One of the apprentices was killed during the rioting.

TANKS AND TROOPS ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE APPRENTICES' HOSTEL IN ABADAN: Members of the Gulf naval force and military personnel engaged in keeping the peace in the oil refinery town where trouble has been stirred up by the Tudeh Party ever since the Teheran Government received a mandate from the Persian Parliament to nationalise oil.

TROOPS STANDING BESIDE THEIR ARMS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE MILITARY GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE IN ABADAN: They were ready at a moment's notice to go to any part of the town where rioting was reported.

TANKS IN THE STREETS OF ABADAN: After the declaration of martial law, the Military Governor disposed a strong force throughout the town. As shown in the picture *on the right*, he posted troops on the roofs of buildings. There were at one time grave doubts about the loyalty of part of the force deployed at Abadan, as it was known that the naval personnel had not been paid for two months and had not received their usual New Year bonus.

THE RADAR-TRAINING SHIP "BOXER" WAS ON THE SCENE OF OPERATIONS WHEN THE HUNT BEGAN FOR H.M.S. "AFFRAY": The *Boxer*, completed in 1942, was originally laid down as a large landing-ship and was completed as a Fighter Direction Ship. Her equipment includes six high-power naval radar sets and an unprecedented quantity of radio apparatus. She is the only vessel in the Navy with four masts, and is now a sea-going Radar-Training Ship.

THE SALVAGE VESSEL "KINBRACE," ONE OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S HEAVY LIFTING VESSELS, SEEN IN THE AREA OF SEARCH FOR H.M.S. "AFFRAY," WHERE SHE STOOD BY, READY TO GO INTO INSTANT ACTION: The *Kinbrace* is a vessel of 775 tons gross, and has a complement of thirty-four. Among her sister-ships are *Kinloss* and *Kingarth*.

THE TECHNIQUE OF

SUBMARINE SALVAGE

Aspects of the Hunt for H.M.S. "Affray" in the English Channel

On Friday of last week it became known that the Board of Admiralty had announced that there was no longer reasonable hope of the rescue of the survivors from H.M. Submarine *Affray*. So ended the three-day hunt for the lost vessel from the point of view of saving lives. Thereafter the question confronting the Navy was one of salvage, as it was in the end with H.M.S. *Thetis*, which sank in Liverpool Bay, and as it was eventually with H.M.S. *Truculent*, which went down in the Thames Estuary last year.

Since 1910, both in peace and war, submarine losses have been constant and heavy. The Germans, indeed, lost 778 of these craft in the Second World War out of a total of 1,155 completed.

Just before the Second World War there was a long series of naval disasters which culminated in June 1939 in the loss of the *Thetis* in Liverpool Bay and the loss of the *Squalus* in United States waters. These twin disasters led Britain and America to concentrate more than ever upon the problems of under-water rescue. When the *Squalus* went down off the coast of New Hampshire the Americans used a 9-ton diving-bell to rescue thirty-three out of the sixty-four members of the crew, and indeed so successful was this experiment that they have since adhered strongly in principle to this particular technique of saving lives. With each succeeding year new types of diving-bell have been brought out, and the speed with which this equipment can be lowered from a salvage vessel and attached to the hatchways of a submarine lying on the bed of the ocean testifies to its efficiency. All American rescue vessels have these diving-bells.

Britain, deeply shocked by the *Thetis* tragedy, in which all but four of the complement of 103 lost their lives, has concentrated in a rather different way on submarine rescue. Some time ago it was realised that H.M.S. *Tedworth*, the only naval ship used for the training of deep-sea divers and for general deep-sea experimental work, was both over age and suffered from lack of range. This has led to the building of the submarine rescue-ship *Reclaim* which, as last week's news reports announced, was on the spot with her special detector gear to carry out deep-diving operations the moment the *Affray* was located. The tragedy of it was that despite the search over 2,000 square miles of ocean, contact was never made.

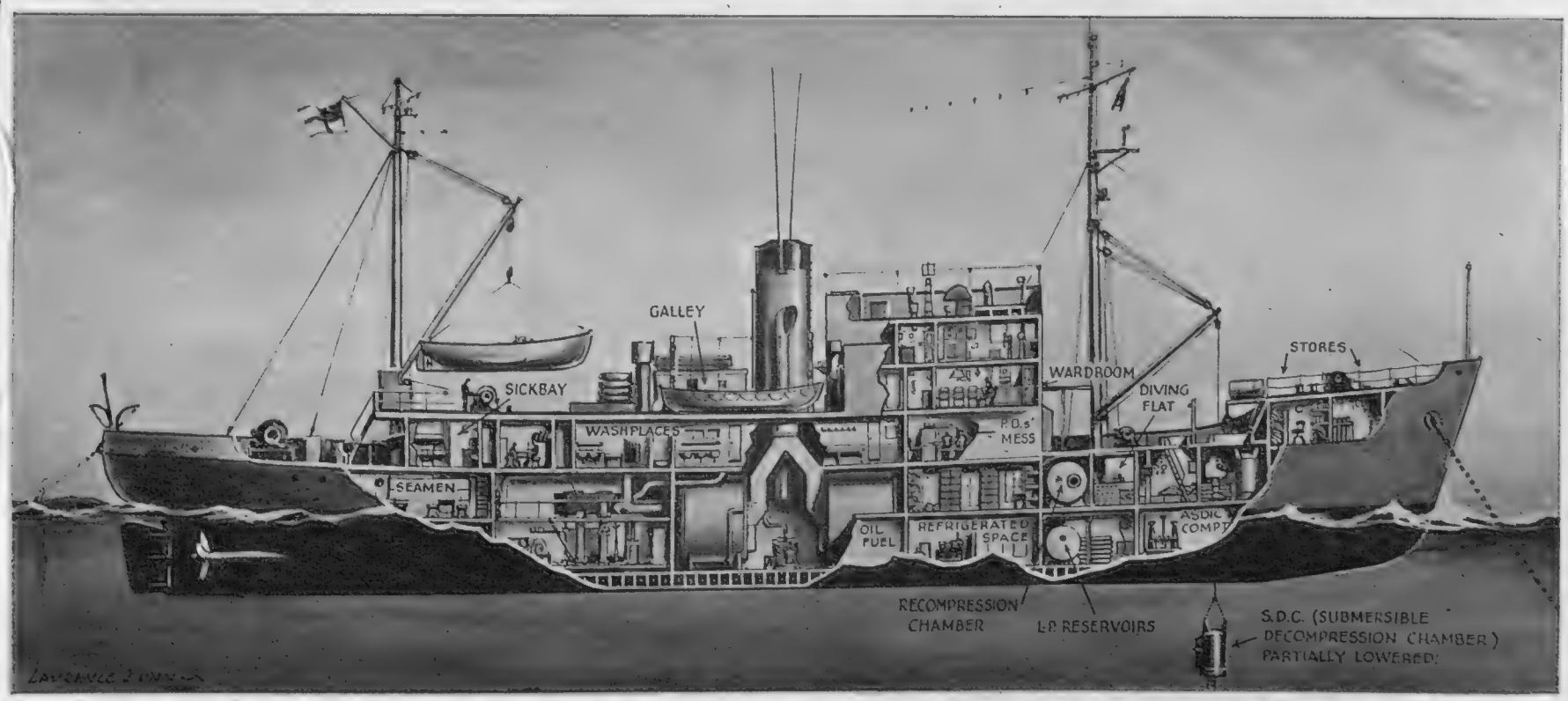
The Royal Navy has for long placed its faith in the Davis escape apparatus as a means of saving life in submarines, and after the sinking of the *Truculent* this indeed proved itself as a means of escape. There was criticism in the Press, however, that the marker-buoy thrown up by the *Truculent* was not illuminated, and it was also urged that the new immersion suits should be brought into action as soon as possible.

On the *Affray* these immersion suits, of inflatable rubberised nylon, which not only keep the wearer afloat but insulate him against the elements, were actually available; but for some reason, at the time of writing unexplained, no escapes were made through the Davis method, no marker-buoy was thrown up, and the submarine disappeared in the waters of the English Channel without trace.

No tragedy could have been more poignant for those who worked and for those who watched and waited. For the naval experts, constantly engaged in perfecting methods of escape, the tidings could not have been more daunting. The under-water service still remains the most dangerous of all.

DIVING FROM THE "RECLAIM": The Royal Navy's diving ship *Reclaim*, said to be the most up-to-date vessel of its type in the world, is equipped with decompression chambers designed to avoid divers suffering from the dreaded "bends" ailment. The chamber is lowered over the ship's side, and when this picture was taken, the diver was just about to enter the chamber from the lower end. The diver then descends in the chamber to 60 ft., after which he continues his descent in the normal way. When returning, the process is reversed, except that the chamber is hoisted on to the ship when the diver leaves the chamber from the upper hatch.

THE BRITISH SUBMARINE "AMPHION" TRAVELLING AT SPEED IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL WHEN GOING IN SEARCH OF HER SISTER-SHIP THE "AFFRAY": While aircraft, including helicopters, and surface ships combed a sea area of 2,000 square miles, the submarines engaged in the search went to the point where the *Affray* made her last dive and sought to follow *Affray's* course beneath the water. When this search failed an attempt was made to investigate all oil patches on the water.

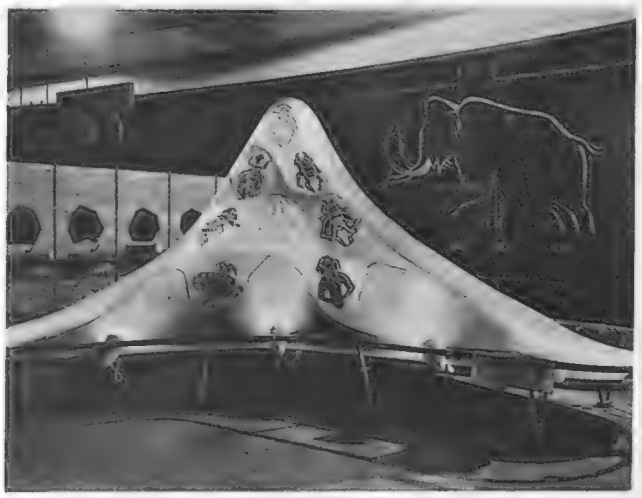


THE SUBMARINE RESCUE SHIP "RECLAIM," WHICH WAS STANDING BY AFTER THE DISAPPEARANCE OF "AFFRAY," READY TO BE BROUGHT INTO ACTION SHOULD THE LOST SUBMARINE BE LOCATED: H.M.S. *Reclaim*, which was commissioned on June 1, 1948, was built on the Clyde by William Symons and Company, of Renfrew.

The main usefulness of the submarine rescue ship *Reclaim* has been in the perfection of a technique by which rescuers can work comfortably at a submarine's crash-dive depth. That is to say, if the *Affray* had been located in 33 fathoms of water on the day after her last dive, as was originally reported, divers from *Reclaim* could have been rendering assistance and fixing steel hawsers in a matter of a few hours. The hull of the *Reclaim* is based on that of the King Salvor type of salvage ship, and is 217 ft. in length. The deep displacement is 1,780 tons, and at this load she has a speed of 12 to 13 knots. The submersible decompression chamber, which forms a vital part of the equipment of the *Reclaim*, is illustrated in a picture on the opposite page. It was during the final stages of the search for the *Affray* that the Asdic instruments from the *Reclaim* located a wreck, but owing to a gale diving operations could not be carried out.

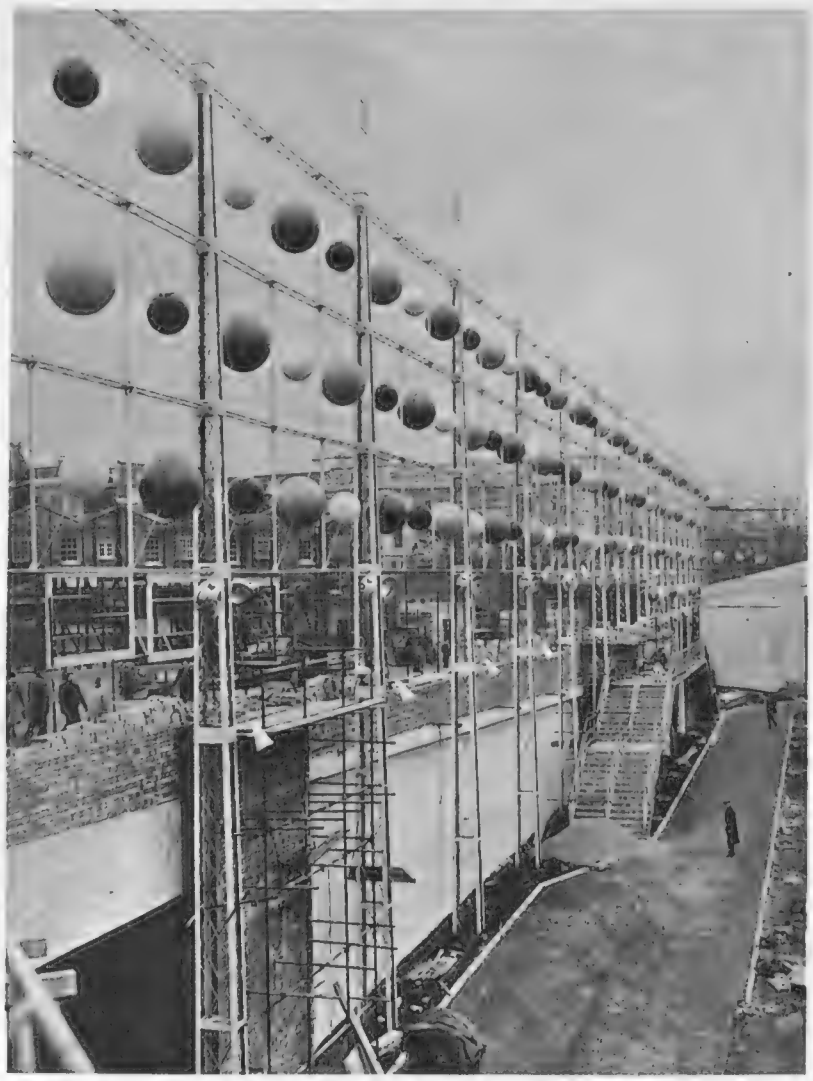
THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1951

A Preview of the South Bank Display which is to be Opened on Thursday of Next Week



AN UNUSUAL DECORATIVE TREATMENT WITHIN THE DOME OF DISCOVERY: This is just one of many examples of extreme modernism beneath the vast aluminium dome, central feature of the upstream sequence of the South Bank Exhibition which is to be opened next week. The dome, which is 95 ft. high and 365 ft. in diameter, is made of aluminium and concrete materials as typical of the present age as were the sheet-glass and cast iron used 100 years ago on the Crystal Palace in the Great Exhibition of 1851. While work on the Pleasure Gardens at Battersea has tended to lag on account of bad weather, work on the 27-acre site on the South Bank has proceeded according to plan, save for the electricians' strike. Work began on the South Bank on July 26, 1949, exactly to the day a century after work began on the Great Exhibition of 1851.

IN THE LION-AND-UNICORN PAVILION: In this pavilion on the South Bank the visitor will see portrayed the fight for religious and civil freedom as it has been waged in Britain. The growth of Parliamentary government and other aspects of the British way of life are also demonstrated.



LIGHT METALS ARE USED EFFECTIVELY IN THE CREATION OF THE CENTREPIECE OF THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: *Left*—The Skylon, the 290-ft. vertical feature of the Exhibition which towers above the South Bank site. In the foreground is the 173-ton locomotive, built in Glasgow for the Indian railways, which is being shown in London before despatch overseas. *Right*—This unusual arrangement of coloured balls within an aluminium framework adorns the York Road entrance.

THAT OTHER EXHIBITION!

CRUMBLING GLORIES OF 1851 AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

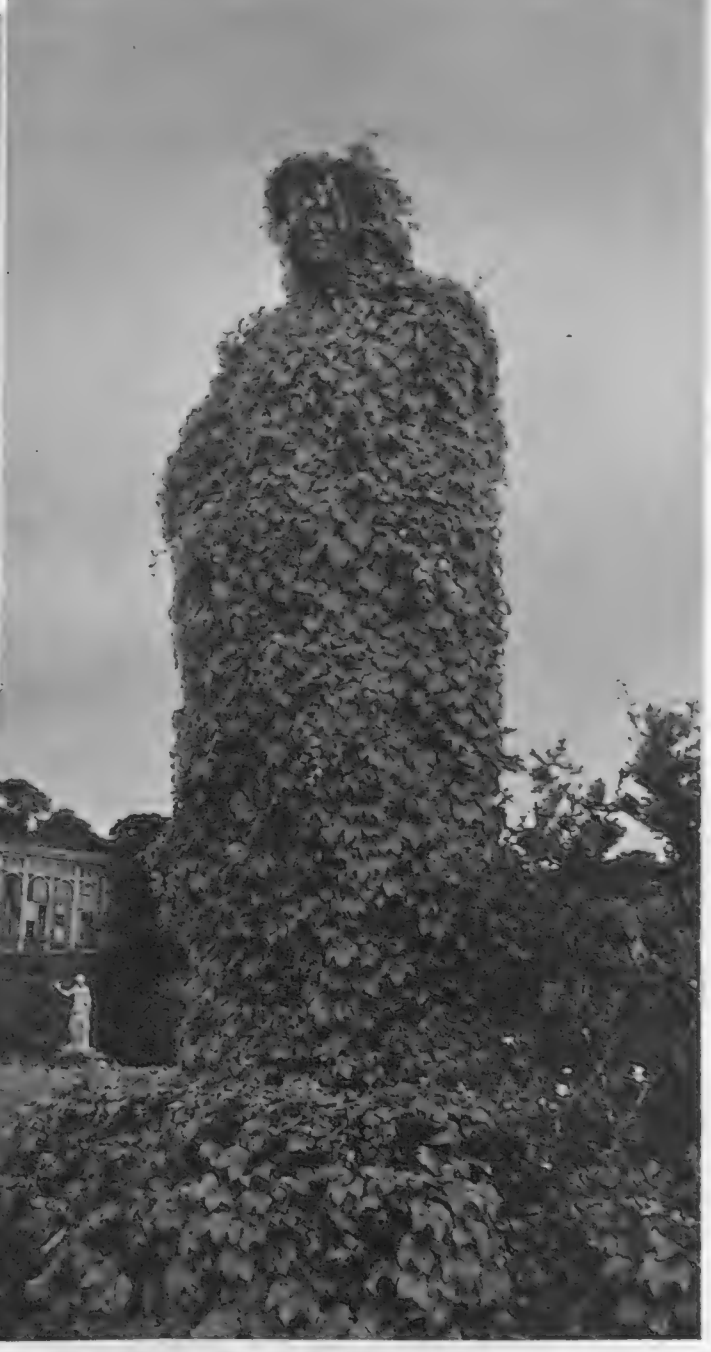
Statuary in Decay in the Grounds of the Crystal Palace on the Heights of Sydenham

ON SYDENHAM HEIGHTS THE GLORY HAS DEPARTED: These figures, one representing China and the other Canada, were part of the vast array of statuary representing the nations of the world in the Great Exhibition of 1851. They are now mouldering away in the grounds of the Crystal Palace on the heights of Sydenham, in South London, where the terraces are now overgrown with weeds and there is an air of general decay.

"The Crystal Palace at Sydenham, with its beautiful grounds, its superb situation upon a hill, overlooking the rich woodlands of Kent and one of the loveliest districts of country in the world, its well-ordered attractions in all the arts that administer to the cultivation of the understanding, its judicious admixture of the beauties of antique architecture and sculpture with the triumphs of modern art, will give a new and higher character to the amusements of the British people." Thus, and with much else besides, did a leader-writer launch forth in praise of the rebuilt Crystal Palace when it was opened by Queen Victoria in the well-ordered grounds at Sydenham. Now, as these pictures show, the glory has departed, and 100 years after Paxton's Great Exhibition opened in Hyde Park, and ninety-seven years after it reopened at Sydenham, the scene is one of desolation and decay. In the post-war years the Palace Trustees have brought forward plans for rehabilitation, and elaborate ideas for football pitches, running and cycle tracks, tennis courts and a cricket ground, have been advanced. But all that pertains to the Great Exhibition, which once aroused the admiration of the world, is, as these pictures show, in tragic decrepitude.

THE LAKES ARE DRY AND THE GARDENS OVERGROWN: This is part of the Crystal Palace grounds to-day, 100 years after the opening of the Great Exhibition. In that year the Crystal Palace was in Hyde Park. The Exhibition was removed to Sydenham, and the reopening was in 1854.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CLIMATIC CHANGES HAVE DEALT HARDLY WITH THIS STATUARY: *On the left* is a representation of Australia. The right arm is missing and the kangaroo accompanying the lady is now devoid of forepaws. *Right*—This figure is also in decay. When the Crystal Palace was reopened in 1854 tens of thousands of visitors thronged the grounds at Sydenham and there was a chorus of praise in the Press for the Exhibition in its new and more permanent form.



OLD FATHER THAMES IS CHOKED WITH WEEDS AND ANOTHER FIGURE IS CLOTHED IN CREEPER FROM HEAD TO FOOT: These two examples of mid-nineteenth-century sculpture provide further evidence of the decay which has crept over the once-beautiful Crystal Palace grounds, which were opened with such a flourish of trumpets and such pæans of praise in the leading articles in the month of June, 1854. For the occasion, Queen Victoria drove out to Sydenham by carriage.

THE "MIGHTY MO" DOCKS AT THE LOS ANGELES-LONG BEACH NAVAL BASE AFTER FIRING 3,000 TONS OF SHELLS IN KOREAN WATERS: The 45,000-ton battleship *Missouri* seen from the air as tugs nosed her into her berth on the Pacific coast. As she entered the harbour the *Missouri* fired fifteen rounds, commemorating the fifteen separate occasions on which she had pounded shore installations during the Korean war, doing notable damage to key road and rail junctions. Waiting at Pier IV to greet the incoming warship were relatives and friends of members of the crew, and a naval band (seen grouped on the left) played appropriate music. The *Missouri*, one of the battleships of the Iowa class, cost over 100,000,000 dollars to build, and she was completed in 1944. Last year, when she went aground in Hampton Roads, off the coast of Virginia, it was feared that she might become a total loss, and it was many days before she regained the open sea once again.

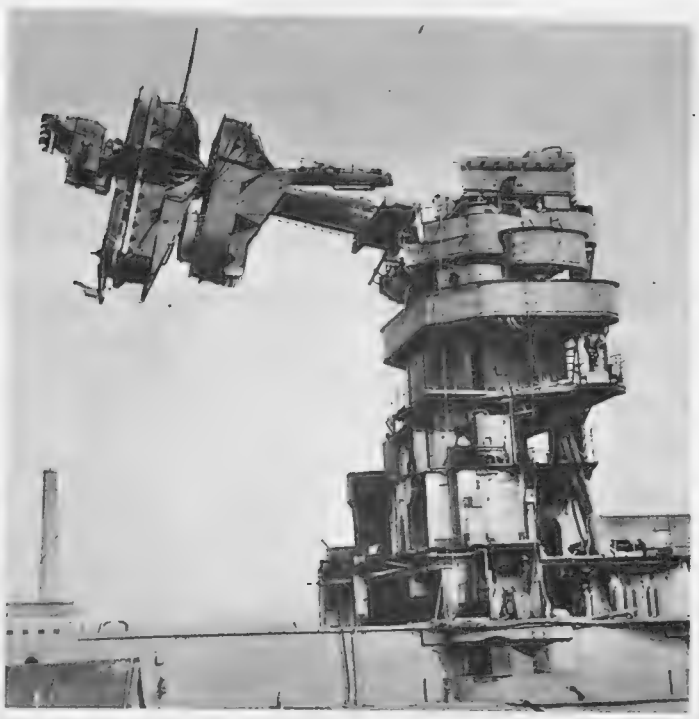
GREAT SHIPS

IN ACTIVE SERVICE AND AT JOURNEY'S END

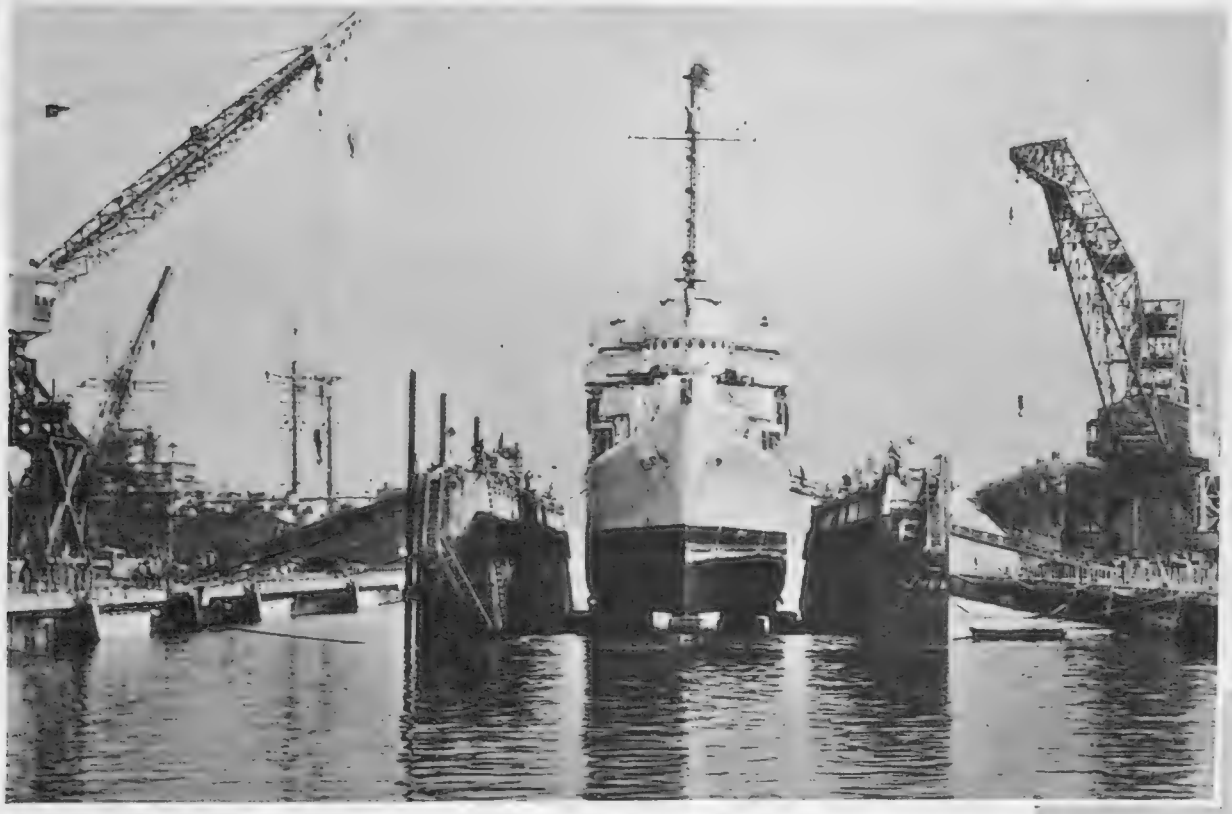
The "Missouri" Returns to America; Dismantling the "Haruna" and the "Revenge"; Unpickling Two Frigates of the British Navy at Sheerness

ONCE THE PRIDE OF THE JAPANESE NAVY—DISMANTLING THE FORMER BATTLESHIP "HARUNA" AT ETAJIMA, NEAR THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH OCCUPATION FORCES IN JAPAN: *Left*—A crane used for the removal of major parts of the warship, now stripped almost to the water-line to provide scrap for Japanese industry. *Right*—Plates lining the deck of the *Haruna*, which is being cut to pieces by oxy-acetylene equipment. The *Haruna* became a casualty in the last days of the war.

In August 1945, in the last days of the Pacific war, Admiral Forest P. Sherman, acting as Deputy Chief of Staff to Admiral Nimitz, returned to Guam and made the dramatic announcement: "Japan has lost all but 49 of her 369 warships, and the wreckage of her once-proud navy strews the seaboards of the Pacific islands." Of her twelve battleships, including the mighty *Haruna*, which is shown in these pictures, only the *Nagato* was left at the end of the war, and she was heavily damaged and without a crew. Of nine heavy aircraft-carriers only one remained operative, and she was damaged. Nineteen heavy cruisers were reduced to two, while of the 164 destroyers about a score remained. What was left of the once-proud navy was surrendered in Kure Bay in September 1945, and much of it has now gone for scrap. It was fortunate that the *Haruna* sank in comparatively shallow water, and refloating her for dismantlement has presented no vast engineering problems. She was a vessel of 39,000 tons. To-day no ship in the Japanese Navy (used for fishery patrol) can exceed 1,500 tons or a speed of 15 knots.

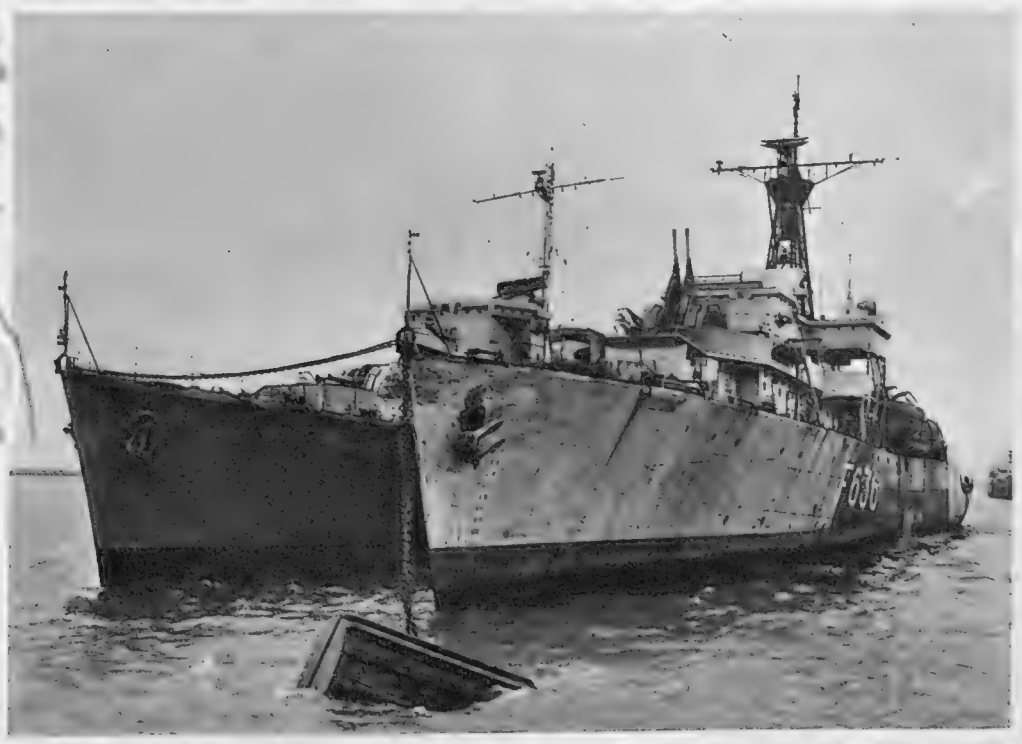


THE END OF A "FIGHTING TOP"—THE UPPERMOST PART OF THE FORMER BATTLESHIP "REVENGE" CRASHES TO THE DECK DURING BREAKING-UP OPERATIONS AT INVERKEITHING: *On left*—The 50-ton "fighting top" is made ready for its demolition. *Centre*—The "fighting top" topples like a signal arm, broken but not yet destroyed. *On right*—Severed from the superstructure by oxy-acetylene cutters and then pulled by a crane, the "fighting top" crashes to the deck and ends upside down.



In 1948, after it had been known for a considerable time that many of Britain's capital ships would have to be scrapped, the Admiralty issued its naval modification plans. Included in these arrangements was the scrapping of four battleships—*Nelson*, *Rodney*, *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant*—and the battle cruiser *Renown*. Two more old warships which have since joined these veterans at the shipbreaking yards include the *Revenge* and the *Royal Sovereign*, and at Inverkeithing to-day these grand old ships are being reduced to scrap metal for use either in new ships or in other industries. The demolition of the *Revenge* has now reached a further stage. Some few days ago her "fighting top" was severed from the bridge superstructure and in a matter of minutes crashed to the deck ready for complete dismantlement. The 29,000-ton *Revenge*, begun at Portsmouth in 1914 at a cost of about £2,500,000, was the last battleship to be built in a Royal Naval Dockyard. She underwent an extensive refit in 1928, and again before the Second World War. She was always regarded as a fine ship, but, like the rest of her class, suffered rather from reduced freeboard. Her sister-ship *Royal Oak* was sunk in October 1939, one of the first big casualties of the last war.

***On left*—A FLOATING DRY-DOCK, COMPLETE WITH SHIP, IS TOWED INTO A DRY-DOCK:** The U.S. coast guard cutter *Gresham* was first towed into the floating dock and then the latter into the dry-dock at San Francisco, the country's largest. This operation was done in order to make use of the big travelling gantry cranes during the overhaul of the dry-dock.



UNPICKLING "PICKLED" SHIPS—PREPARING SHIPS OF THE "MOTHBALL FLEET" FOR ACTIVE SERVICE: They will be manned by reservists who are being recalled from civilian life and by men who are being retained over their normal terms of service under the terms of Britain's rearmament programme. The ships were laid up after the last war in the backwaters of Britain's harbours. *On left*—Two of the Royal Navy's frigates at Sheerness, Kent, which are being made ready for active service. *On right*—Members of a naval working party ripping the cocooning off the forward 4-in. gun turret of the frigate *Widemouth Bay* which has been ordered to Commission from the Reserve Fleet. A close-meshed net serves as the basis for the silvery cocoons in which guns, radar, radio and other equipment are wrapped. Over this plastic sprays operate and, within the cocoons, the equipment is efficiently sealed. This covering can be removed at short notice and the equipment can be relied upon to function perfectly when brought back into action. A "substantial number" of ships are being added to the active fleet, the accent being on frigates and minesweepers, as the naval expansion programme is largely directed towards the under-water menace.

FROM LONDON, THE PROVINCES, AND SCOTLAND

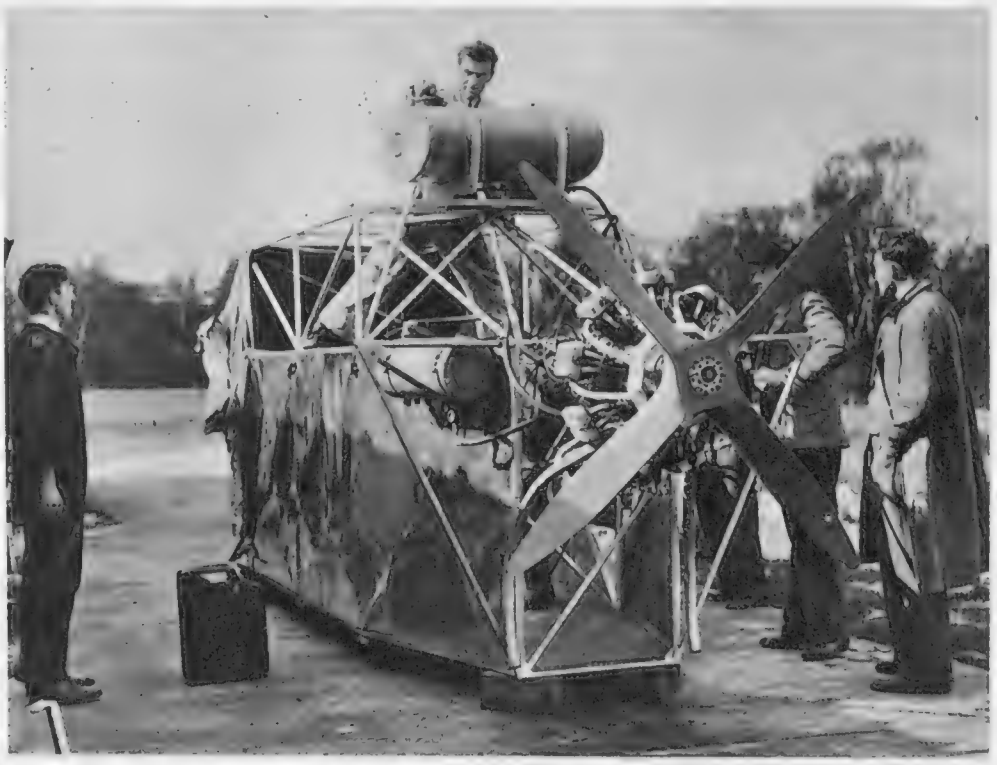
A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE NEW NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE AT KEELE : The college, situated five miles west of Stoke-on-Trent, was opened on April 17 by her Majesty the Queen. It is to be the scene of a great new educational experiment. At the college every student will be required to do a year's course of general studies before he or she is permitted to specialise in any one subject.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL BECOMES SHEFFIELD'S THIRTY-SEVENTH FREEMAN : Britain's wartime Premier, seen with the Lord Mayor, with Mrs. Churchill, and the Lady Mayoress examining the 256-piece cabinet of cutlery which was presented to Mr. Churchill, together with a scroll of honour. The presentation of the Freedom of Sheffield was made in the presence of 3,000 people at the City Hall, and the speeches were relayed to an overflow meeting at the adjoining Memorial Hall. Mr. Churchill told his audience that in 1943 the Sheffield City Council, with a Socialist majority, unanimously decided to offer him the freedom. He valued that highly. Although his political opponents on the Council far outnumbered the other members, it was again a unanimous decision which had brought him to Sheffield. Such actions carried a message to foreign countries who might not understand, when they read of Britain's fierce Party contentions, that underneath was a deep unity.

THE QUEEN PLANTS A COMMEMORATIVE COPPER BEECH IN THE GROUNDS OF KEELE HALL : Her Majesty used a silver spade to plant the tree on the slopes below the Clock House, and adjacent to a tree planted by King Edward VII. The new North Staffordshire University College, which the Queen opened at Keele, is claimed to be a revolutionary experiment in university education. Men and women students will have equal rights, and the curriculum aims to leaven university specialisation with a broader basis of general education. The Manor of Keele is of ancient origin. It was granted by Henry II in 1180 to Knights Templars, and on the suppression of that Order passed into the possession of the Knights Hospitallers, who held it until the property was confiscated at the Reformation by Henry VIII. The King sold Keele to Sir William Sneyd, and there his son and heir, Ralph Sneyd, "built a very proper and fine house of stone," which was completed in 1581. Keele was plundered during the Civil Wars, and narrowly escaped demolition by Cromwell's troops when its owner, Colonel Ralph Sneyd, suffered heavy losses for his adherence to the Crown. The old hall was taken down in 1855, having become dilapidated, and the present mansion was erected on its site and in the same style.

THE CORNISH TOWN OF HELSTON CELEBRATES THE 750TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GRANTING OF THE TOWN'S CHARTER BY KING JOHN : The Mayor of Helston is seen leading the procession of Mayors and Town Clerks from many parts of Cornwall during the celebrations. When John granted his charter, Helston became the second borough in Cornwall. Many subsequent charters were granted, the last being in 1774 by King George III. In ancient days trading vessels could sail right up to the walls of Helston. Nowadays the picturesque town lies several miles inland.



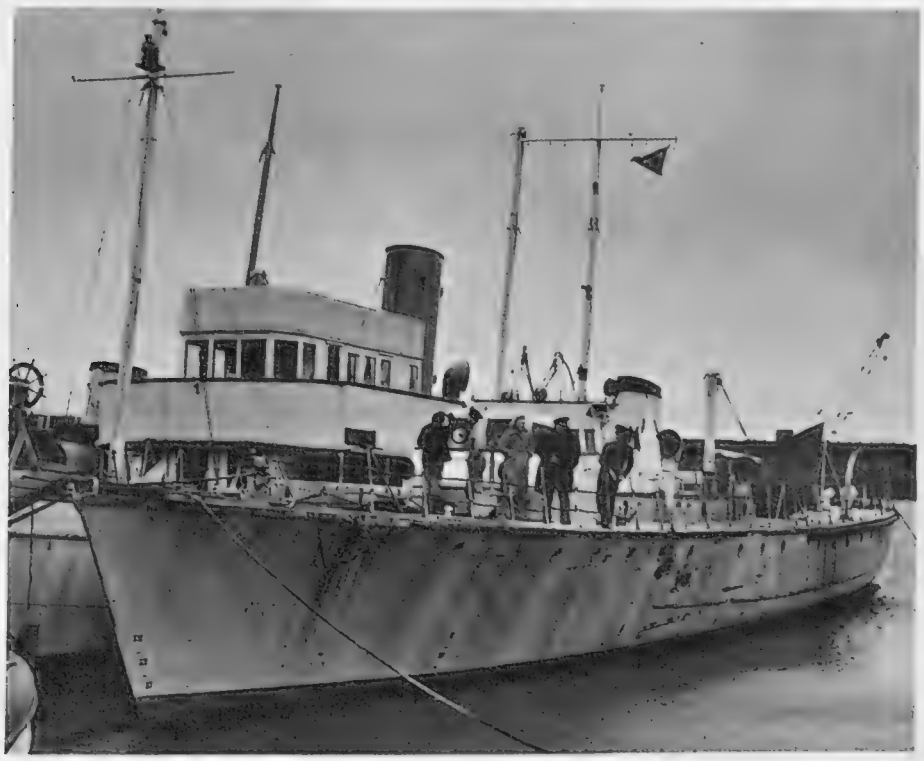
THE AIRSHIP CLUB OF BOURNEMOUTH ARE NEARING THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST NON-RIGID AIRSHIP TO BE BUILT IN EUROPE FOR TWENTY YEARS : *Left*—Lord Ventry, chairman of the club and instigator of the building project, watching the assembly of the engine and car, which are shown (*on right*) on the tarmac at Hurn Airport. Named the *Bournemouth*, the airship will take part in the Bournemouth Festival of Britain celebrations. The airship itself is being erected at the R.A.F. Balloon Centre at Cardington, but the engine and the car, after being assembled at Hurn, will be transported to Cardington for final assembly and for flying tests.

THE "KATE KENNEDY" CELEBRATIONS AT ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY: The jester making a dramatic approach to a window-full of spectators during the annual "junketings" at the Fife university town. Every year St. Andrews remembers "Kate Kennedy" and her uncle, Bishop Kennedy, founder of St. Salvator's College and Chapel, which became in the fifteenth century a constituent part of the University. They inevitably take the major roles in the great procession of students impersonating those who in the past 500 years have played their part in the history of St. Andrews. "Kate" and her uncle are seen in the picture *on the right* as they walked in procession. This year one of the spectators at the celebrations was the Very Rev. Dr. Don, Dean of Westminster, whose visit to St. Andrews coincided with the news that the Stone of Destiny had been returned to his keeping in Westminster Abbey.

"KATE," LEGENDARY NIECE OF BISHOP KENNEDY, IS ESCORTED TO HER CARRIAGE BY THE BISHOP: This year at St. Andrews University pageant the part of "Kate" was taken by Mr. Ian Simpson, of Dundee, and that of Bishop Kennedy by Mr. W. F. Laing. There was the usual town hall visit, where "Kate" was presented with an inscribed cigarette-case.

HALL'S CROFT, THE ONLY HISTORICAL BUILDING WITH SHAKESPEAREAN ASSOCIATIONS IN STRATFORD-ON-AVON HITHERTO NOT BELONGING TO THE SHAKESPEARE TRUST, BUT NOW ACQUIRED AND FURNISHED BY THE TRUSTEES: Hall's Croft, which was bought by the Trustees in 1949, is being furnished, and it will be open to visitors during Festival year, a sum of £45,000 having been spent upon it. *Left*—Period furniture being moved into the house. *Right*—Mr. Levi Fox, Director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, showing one of the period pieces to Mrs. Trevor Mathews, the American wife of Stratford's Mayor.

Hall's Croft was the home of Shakespeare's daughter, Susanna (1583-1649). Susanna married John Hall, the Stratford physician, and their daughter, Elizabeth, who married Thomas Nash, and secondly Sir John Barnard, was Shakespeare's last surviving descendant. Susanna and John Hall are commemorated near Shakespeare at Holy Trinity, Stratford. Hall attained great local eminence as a doctor, and more than once he attended the Earl and Countess of Northampton at Ludlow Castle, more than forty miles from Stratford. In 1617 he attended Lord Campden, probably at Compton Winyates. In that year Hall was elected a burgess of Stratford, but he was apparently a truculent member of the council when he did attend.



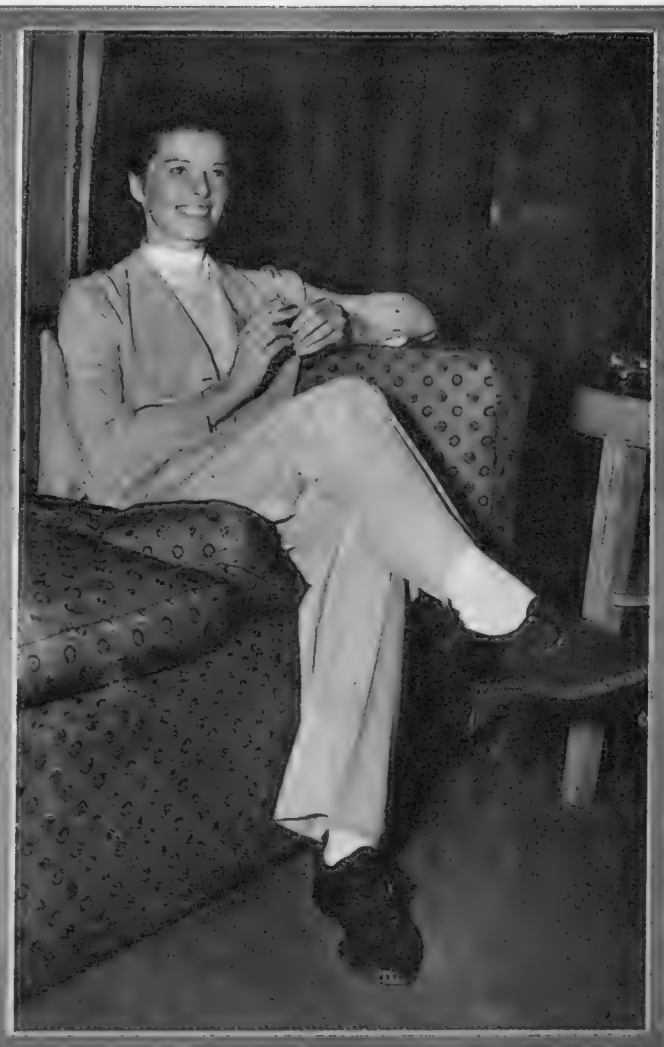
***On left*—**
THEY ARE GOING IN SEARCH OF CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE: Miss Deborah Sayer, Mr. Clive Pope (engineer), Mrs. Sylvia Shepherd, wife of the co-leader of the expedition, Captain W. J. Stuttard, owner and skipper, and Mrs. Abiolet Braun on board the 120-ton ex-naval motor-yacht *La Contenta* at Shoreham, Sussex. The vessel is being fitted out for an expedition to the South China Seas in the hope of unearthing Captain Kidd's treasure. The captain is taking with him a map which is said to have been among Kidd's possessions.

***On right*—**
SPRING CLEANING AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: Men at work levelling the earth in the moat prior to re-grassing. In the background is the rebuilt north-east bastion.

ON STAGE AND FILM

Spotlight on Mistinguett; Katharine Hepburn; Roger Livesey; Ursula Jeans; and Claire Bloom

MISTINGUETT IN A NEW YORK NIGHT-CLUB: The legendary figure of Paris night life, now over eighty years old, gives a characteristic performance of singing and dancing. In the picture *on the left* she wears a youthful striped dress. More typical is the exotic costume in the picture *above*, with its furs, feathers and exaggerated cigarette-holder. "Mis" has been the darling of Paris since the '90's. Before the First World War and in the '20's and '30's she was the toast of Montmartre at the Moulin Rouge, the Folies Bergère and the Casino de Paris.



KATHARINE HEPBURN RELAXES IN HER LONDON HOTEL: The slim, freckled Hollywood film actress wore a beige tussore suit and a white cotton shirt. Shirt and slacks are her favourite costume, and her much-publicised wearing of them has done much to popularise them among women. Miss Hepburn is to make a film, *The African Queen*, in Uganda with Humphrey Bogart. Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, met Katharine Hepburn in London before leaving for Africa, where they will start work on the new production. Before coming to England, Miss Hepburn had been making a highly successful tour in the United States as Rosalind in a stage production of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*.

ROGER LIVESEY AND URSULA JEANS RETURN FROM BRUSSELS: The husband and wife had been on a two-week tour of Holland and Belgium with the Old Vic Company, which opened their London production of Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* at the Old Vic last week. The fifth and last production for the Old Vic's 1950-51 season is now in the repertory and will run, during the Festival season, with the other productions—*Henry V*, *Twelfth Night*, *Bartholomew Fair*, and the double bill of Sophocles' *Electra* and Chekov's *The Wedding*. In addition, there will be a production on May 31 of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ursula Jeans plays Lady Cicely in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, the part originally written by Shaw for Ellen Terry and last played in London by Flora Robson. Roger Livesey is Captain Brassbound.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S NEW LEADING LADY? Nineteen-year-old Claire Bloom flew the Atlantic to make a special test for Chaplin's new film, *Limelight*. The young actress, who made her London debut in *The Lady's Not For Burning*, and who is now playing in *Ring Round the Moon*, left the cast of that highly successful play for a week to fly to New York for the test. The new film will be Charlie Chaplin's fifth in twenty years. Its story tells of an English music-hall comedian who tries to make a come-back, and who falls in love with a young dancer. Chaplin has been looking for someone to play the dancer for over a year. Claire Bloom was a wartime evacuee to the United States. She first attracted attention by her Ophelia at Stratford-on-Avon in 1948, when she was only seventeen.

AMERICA GREETS GENERAL OF THE ARMY DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

A MIGHTY ROAR OF WELCOME MET THE OUSTED PROCONSUL ON HIS RETURN TO AMERICA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOURTEEN YEARS

GENERAL MacARTHUR SETS FOOT IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOURTEEN YEARS: *Left*—MacArthur, accompanied by his thirteen-year-old son, Arthur MacArthur, and Mrs. MacArthur, seen as he acknowledged the guard of honour of the Sixth Army drawn up to greet him at San Francisco Airport. Standing behind the General are the Mayor of San Francisco and Governor Earl Warren, of California. *Right*—The Mayor talking with the MacArthurs.

THE TICKER TAPE BLIZZARD IN THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO: This was the triumphal progress of MacArthur as he drove down Montgomery Street in the heart of San Francisco's financial district. The displaced Supreme Commander was en route to the city hall.

MacARTHUR ACKNOWLEDGES THE OVATION WHEN HE ARRIVES TO ADDRESS A JOINT SESSION OF CONGRESS IN WASHINGTON: Standing behind MacArthur are Vice-President Barkley and Mr. Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House. MacArthur made a 37-minute speech in defence of his Pacific strategy. He said that the Communist threat was a global threat and should be countered by a global strategy.

THE ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON: MacArthur seen on arrival at the airport from San Francisco. Facing the camera is Mr. Joseph Martin, the Republican leader in the House of Representatives.

THE HERO OF BATAAN COMES HOME: General Douglas MacArthur returning the salute of the guard of honour on arrival at Idlewild International Airport, New York. MacArthur had come from Washington, where he had delivered his address to Congress, and he met in New York an even more rapturous reception. He told the reception committee, "I cannot tell you how heartening is this splendid welcome. When we reach the city of New York we know we have reached home."

The Romantic Charm of CAPRI

A Visit to the Island Paradise to which Axel Munthe Brought Renewed Fame

No one is without some romantic vision of the Isle of Capri; a vision conjured from travellers' tales, from books—such as Axel Munthe's *The Story of San Michele*—and from that favourite dream-waltz song, "The Isle of Capri." And the reality, though vastly different from the dream, is often far more satisfying.

Tourists approach Capri by steamer across five miles of the Tyrrhenian Sea from Sorrento, or eleven miles from Naples. Though the Bay of Naples often throws a fit of temper, 100,000 visitors brave the journey every year to catch a glimpse of a corner of heaven. The island raises perpendicular sandstone and limestone cliffs from the sea-level, with just one tiny bay making room for the little harbour of Marina Grande, where visitors disembark.

Waiting to greet them on the quay the tourists find a row of Capriotes, wearing hotel caps, standing in line and smiling a welcome. If your hotel is in the town of Capri, the funicular pulls you slowly up the steep slope to the town, built on the only piece of flat ground on the island. If you're heading for Anacapri, the only other town, a horse-drawn carriage or an antique Italian car will take you perilously round the hairpin bends of the crazy little road that zigzags across the island to the town.

There's only 5½ sq. miles of the island, and most of that is taken up by jagged rocks and precipices, but there's plenty to see. The first thing any visitor discovers is that the island itself is the most impractical place on earth, and the islanders themselves are the most practical. Though it's surrounded by luscious blue water, every drop of water for drinking

FROM A WINDOW IN SAN MICHELE: Looking down on the Marina Grande, the only safe landing-place on Capri, from the villa where the late Axel Munthe wrote his celebrated memoirs under the title of *The Story of San Michele*. To-day the house belongs to the Swedish Archæological Institute in Rome, and, needless to say, it is a magnet for the thousands of tourists who visit the island every year. In the far distance in this view can be seen the peninsula of Sorrento, nearest point on the mainland to the island of Capri.

THE VILLA OF SAN MICHELE: When Axel Munthe came to Capri he incorporated the remains of an ancient Roman villa in his new home above the Marina Grande, and he recorded his activities in *The Story of San Michele*. His book has brought new renown to the isle of Capri and has made the villa a place of enchantment for all who read the book, one of the outstanding biographies of the present century. Munthe was for many years Court physician to the King of Sweden, and he was a lifelong friend of the late King.

THE PICTURESQUE WINDING LANE CALLED THE VIA PORTA, WHICH LEADS FROM THE TOWN OF ANACAPRI TO THE VILLA OF SAN MICHELE: En route, the tourist will pass this trinket stall. Some visitors are perhaps inclined to wince when they see it, but it belongs essentially to the touristic scene in Europe, whether it be at religious places of pilgrimage such as Lisieux or Lourdes or at places such as Capri, Sorrento or Amalfi, which cater essentially for the pleasure-seeker.

has to be imported—at 7s. 6d. a ton. The only two roads on the island are like switchbacks, without the smooth surface of the fairground type. The harbour is scarcely a harbour, its houses sprawling up the hillside one above the other, like a giant's stairway.

But the Capriotes make up for these drawbacks—or, some would say, add to these attractions—by being peaceful, practical and superbly simple. Crime on the island is almost unknown, which is lucky, because the gaoler uses the comfortable cells of the island's only gaol as bedrooms for his eleven children. When World War II flamed out in Italy, the Capriotes refused to have any part in it. The Germans forbade the natives to fish, and the island knew some lean years. But they remained at peace. In 1943 the American Air Force decided to make Capri into a rest camp, and the island was invaded by crazy young men who didn't expect to live long and were determined to live hard while they had the chance. But eventually the jeeps and the gramophones and the uniforms left the island, and the Capriotes settled down to a normal, sane life again.

Capri is governed by the gentlest government on earth. The 6,000 voters elect representatives for the island's two tiny towns. The representatives elect two mayors, and they, more or less, are the government. The Capriotes feel that good government means as little government as possible, so all the politicians have other jobs. The Mayor of Capri is chief officer of an Italian freight line, the Mayor of Anacapri is a doctor. The representatives include a head-waiter, a maker of rope shoes, a retired colonel, a farmer, a hotel owner and several fishermen.

The law is pronounced by one judge, a chubby, genial man, whose Saturday morning court is often empty. Most penal offences on Capri are dumping garbage carelessly, not closing one's shop on a holiday, or overcharging a tourist. These things are points of honour, deeply felt by the Capriotes. They know they owe their prosperity to the tourists, and are grateful for it. They show their gratitude by being strictly honest and giving value for money.

To the tourist there is one excursion on Capri that is almost ritual: a visit to the famous Villa of San Michele. This is the Roman Villa, restored, as nearly as possible, to its original beauty by Dr. Axel Munthe, the Swedish author. His book about the house, *The Story of San Michele*, has made the house dear to the hearts of [illegible] who read it.

IN THE LITTLE MAIN SQUARE OF CAPRI, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND, WHERE IN HIGH SUMMER THE SUN BEATS DOWN RELENTLESSLY FROM A CLOUDLESS SKY: The town of Capri stands at a height of 450 ft., a short distance from the Marina Grande, where the boats from Naples and Sorrento put in with their tourist loads. The Piazza is named after King Humbert I.

THE PORT OF CAPRI: The Marina Grande, on the north side of the island, where the tourist gains the first view of this island of enchantment with its houses, glistening white in the sunlight, nestling among dark green oak trees below the cliffs. Sometimes, when high winds are blowing on the north side of the island, the ships put in at the marina piccola, on the south side.

TRANSPORT ON CAPRI: The horse-drawn carriages traverse the winding, rocky roads in a frightening but very efficient manner. Most of the vehicles are old, but they are comfortable and picturesque, like the language of their drivers on occasions of stress.

THE CHIESO SAN ANTONIO CLINGS TO ITS ROCKY PERCH HIGH ABOVE THE BLUE WATERS OF THE TYRRHENIAN SEA: The sun never shines on this church, protected as it is by a great wall of rock.

New Lamps and Old

ON LETTERS WRITTEN IN HASTE

Some Reflections on the Habit of Hasty Effusions

By JOHN GORE

REPENTED AT LEISURE.—I have often felt that impetuosity is a great handicap to success. Fire, drive, righteous indignation, enthusiasm, fanaticism, all these no doubt boost a man along the uphill road to success, pre-eminence, popular admiration, and so on. But these aids require to be used by cool heads. In the adjective "impetuous" there lies concealed a hint of weakness, of light-headed vanity or chump-headed impatience. *Do it now* is an admirable slogan for the dull routine duties of life. *Do it to-morrow* is a better precept on some occasions, especially those which rouse our resentment, affect our pride or vanity or pander to our sentimentality.

Kipling, I seem to remember, had a jingle which underlined the dangers in letters dashed off in the heat of anger, that "half-sheet of paper" whereon "a fool had the honour to state." And of late I have read to my surprise that a President of the U.S.A. is prone to dash off curiously intemperate (in a high official, dangerously unguarded) letters to private individuals whose actions may have occasioned him displeasure.

THEY TRIPPED UP IN TREPTOW: The German magazine *U.S.A.-in-Word-and-Picture* recently published this interesting picture of President Truman. The caption carried by this magazine, which is published in Treptow, a Russian-controlled section of Berlin, reads as follows: "President Truman tries the official greeting for the new police State—America." The Reds did not mention that their picture was a copy of the centre of the three shown at right, made by International News Photos, showing President Truman throwing out the first ball to begin the 1950 baseball season. The Reds did not mention, either, that they had carefully retouched the baseball out of the photograph.

I am rather comforted by this discovery of the human frailty of so high a figure in world politics. If he has made a habit of this practice, he has climbed dizzily high despite the handicap of impetuosity. He is either an exception to the rule or he knocks my premise sideways. Whichever it be, I am comforted to find a great man as prone as I have been all my life to use that "half-sheet of paper" in haste and perhaps to repent its composition at leisure.

I am, in this paper, confining myself to *letters* written in haste. I might, of course, enlarge the subject *ad infinitum*, if I considered bad lines in prose and poetry rashly released by masters of prose and poetry, by scribblers and poetasters.

It would, for example, be easy to paint a tragic picture of Kipling's long-drawn-out remorse and misery decades after he had recklessly released his "Absent-minded Beggar" jingle, surely the *locus classicus* for a Master's rock-bottom; unless Tennyson competes for the wooden spoon in badness and bathos. But our theme is narrower. We will stick to notepaper and postcards. A man can commit a lot of stupidity on a postcard.

What, then, are the principal causes which impel us to hasty effusions? They are anger, love, vanity, and sympathy *imprimis*, and by far the least dangerous of these is sympathy. We will take it first and dismiss it. I do not think a man or woman need ever sweat at the thought of a letter of condolence or congratulation hastily despatched on an impulse of intense sympathy. I have often done so, even after decades of proof that the recipients have understood the motive forces which produced those inadequate, extravagant, unedited words and, so far from criticising, have welcomed them. For writer and reader alike, the occasion was probably one of abnormal mentality, for which allowances are made. But, indeed, sympathy cannot be expressed too warmly, and it may be it is best expressed when the words are hastily strung together and haltingly expressed.

Acting on Impulse.—For my part, I have acted on impulse all my life and have come to the time of life when a man ceases to worry very much about what his friends may think of him; to a time when he finds they usually do not think of him at all! And the older I grow, the more I console myself with the thought (all too tardily accepted) that if a man be at heart more decent than not, the actions which result from his first sudden impulses are at least preponderatingly sound, decent, and even wise. So much for the impulse of sympathy.

How different, how much more dangerous, are those impulses due to anger, vanity and passion which lead men to intemperate words, to bitter quarrels, and sometimes to the K.B.D. or the Probate and Divorce! It is the smart riposte—by Anger out of the old mare Vanity—that somehow "passes the censor" time and again and causes the trouble. Anger writes it and vanity cannot endure that its brilliance should be quenched unadmired.

How shall I word it? Read Max Beerbohm in *And Even Now* and resolve, if you can, not to word it at all, or, if that be asking too much, to word it to-morrow and despatch it the day after. This is not an occasion for the *do it now* slogan.

If you wish to be spared the consequences of a letter written in anger and haste (human vanity being what it is), obey this simple and useful rule: if you must express your anger in words, avoid the choice of fine phrases. Say it with bludgeons, not with a rapier. For your vanity will quite certainly fall in love with a pretty phrase, a smart wise-crack, a bitter epigram; common sense's blue pencil will be torn from your hand and the letter will be posted red-hot. But if your anger be expressed crudely, you may spend a little time trying to improve your language and in that delay common sense may triumph.

The Greatest of These.—Letter-writing, a dead or dying art in its most pleasant form, has been called the gentlest art, and undoubtedly in its unpleasant form it is the most successful "gentle art of making enemies." The interchanges between Ruskin and Whistler, Whistler and Wilde, are usually included in anthologies of abuse or invective. The stings have lost power, of course; the epigrams are rustier than they were when minted. But the vanity which prompted their exchange still brands the authors. Indeed, of all the motives which we have listed as the causes of these hasty and foolish letters, the greatest of these is vanity. Love has no need of shame or regret, passion has a wealth of excuse and forgiveness, anger can be fed and consumed or nursed unexpressed, but vanity, such is its peculiar character, insists on exhibition, refuses to hide its bright flame under a bushel.

Every journalist who must touch on controversial questions professionally is familiar with all the forms which that "half-sheet of paper" can assume. And almost all of us value our mail, be it fan or fanatic who pens it. Most of us, no doubt, would prefer to be loved and admired, but most of us, I fancy, prefer to be sniped at than totally neglected and ignored. I am quite sure that a large majority of journalists who receive such a mail will agree that the class which of all others is to be expected to seek peace and to ensue it with restraint and courtesy, is probably far and away the fiercest exponent of the aggressive form.

If we tread, however unwittingly, on the toes of any religious sect, we may expect by return the output of a pen dipped in vinegar or vitriol. But in the journalist's mail-bag vanity is still the principal motive force; the letter which points out a journalist's *error*, slip, or even a printer's error, is the commonest in the bag. We all like to be *right* and the easiest way to that gratification of what is a very natural desire is to point out by return that the other fellow is wrong.

On the whole, my experience teaches me that, for peace of mind, it is wise to pay your bills and show your sympathy *by return*; but to let the sun go down on your wrath and to ration the chief of all your luxuries—vanity.

PRESIDENT TRUMAN INAUGURATES THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1950: From the centre of these three pictures which have some significance in the annual routine of big-time baseball in America, the Soviet-dominated Press at Treptow, Berlin, chose the picture reproduced (*above on left*) purporting to show the man from Independence, Missouri, giving the latest thing in authoritarian salutes in the "American police State."

PRESIDENT TRUMAN TALKS TO THE AMERICAN NATION: This picture of the President was taken during the recent broadcast from the White House in which Mr. Truman outlined his reasons for dismissing MacArthur from his Far Eastern commands.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

THOSE in search of a gift for friends, either at home or overseas, will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal solution. Each week, the new copy will be a fresh reminder of the kind thought and good wishes of the friend at home. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can now be taken. They should be addressed: The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, together with the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and enclosing the subscription. Inland, £5 16s. Canada, £5. Elsewhere abroad, £5 5s. (to include the Christmas Number).

The Men Behind the A.A.

The Executive Committee at the Dinner Given in Honour of a Founder-Member

In 1905, Mr. John Amery-Parkes allowed his office and one typewriter to be used by a group of motoring enthusiasts who had banded together to defend themselves against police traps for exceeding the 20-m.p.h. limit on the Brighton Road. From this very meagre beginning at 18, Fleet Street, there developed the Automobile Association which, in 1950, brought its membership up to 1,000,000. This attainment was celebrated last November by a Savoy banquet, when among those present was another founder-member of the Association—Mr. Alfred King-Hamilton. Last week the Association gave another dinner, this time in honour of Mr. Amery-Parkes, and in recognition of his forty-six years of service to the A.A. and to motoring, Sir Peirson Frank, who presided at the gathering, presented him with a silver cigarette-box. Mr. King-Hamilton was also honoured. On arrival at the Savoy the guests were met by two men whose presence recalled the early battle between the A.A. and the police. One was dressed in the style of the Edwardian policeman and the other in the 1905 dress of the A.A. patrolman. The pictures on this page show some of the men who manage the affairs of the great motoring organisation.

IN THE FORTY-SIXTH YEAR OF THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION—THE SAVOY DINNER GIVEN IN HONOUR OF MR. JOHN AMERY-PARKES, ONE OF THE ASSOCIATION'S FOUNDER-MEMBERS: The guest of honour (on left) seen in conversation with Sir Peirson Frank, Vice-Chairman of the A.A., who presided at the dinner in the absence of the chairman, the Rev. Canon F. W. Hassard-Short, who had influenza. On the right is Mr. Alfred King-Hamilton, the other principal guest, and one of the founder-members of the Association in 1905. In his earlier days Mr. Amery-Parkes practised as a solicitor. The Automobile Association came into being with a membership of 100

THE MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AT THE TOP TABLE AT THE LONDON DINNER: From left to right are—Philip Shephard, G. Shaw Scott (an original member of the Motor Volunteer Corps), and Harold D. Foster. Seventy-nine persons sat down to dinner.

THE YOUNGEST GUEST WAS LIEUTENANT MICHAEL PARKER, EQUERRY TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE A.A.'S NEW PRESIDENT: From left to right are—the Hon. L. W. Joynson-Hicks (Conservative M.P. for Chichester), Lieutenant Michael Parker, R.N. (Rtd.), Captain the Rt. Hon. Lord Teynham, D.S.O., R.N. (Rtd.), and Major R. A. B. Smith, M.C.

STUDYING THE MENU: From left to right are—Donald Stewart, Hugh Fraser, J.P., and David Renton (Nat.-Lib. M.P. for Huntingdonshire). All three are members of the A.A. Executive Committee.

A FORMER LORD MAYOR OF LONDON AT THE TOP TABLE: Sir Frank Newson-Smith, and, on his left, Walter H. Gaunt and Sir Malcolm Perks. All three are members of the Executive Committee.

THE A.A. SECRETARY AND THE HONORARY TREASURER: Mr. W. V. Gibson and Mr. George Monro, seen together during the reception. Mr. Gibson, who has been the Association's Secretary since 1948, played a prominent part in the campaign for the restoration of an unrestricted petrol ration for private motoring in 1947.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

NOVELS, WITH and WITHOUT SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

With the Coming of Spring a Spate of New Fiction Pours from the Presses

THIS is a busy, and therefore for the book-minded a happy season, with a healthily large number of books coming from the presses and, presumably, the same proportion of readers waiting for them. Or should I have added that that number will be multiplied by thousands? First of all, then, for Mr. Arthur Koestler's new novel, THE AGE OF LONGING (Collins. 12s. 6d.), a title which has been aptly chosen for a book that deals with a period a little ahead (in time) of our own. The scene is set in Paris, which to most of us is still the centre of Europe, and the characters are a group of people who, in the author's view, are representative of the present, the old and the future ways of life.

The new order is represented by the infiltrating citizens of a country which is never named (except in a footnote) as Russia, but briefly described as the Free Commonwealth, and the present and the old orders are represented by *emigrés* from White and Red Russia, by Frenchmen, by Americans and by a solitary English peer. Neither in its implications, which are of an ominous nature, nor in its reading, is this to be taken lightly. In fact, Mr. Koestler would be the last person to wish that. For some years, and from intimate and painful knowledge, he has been inveighing against the Communist Party, and this novel is probably his most successful and effective attack.

SECRET (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Michael Amrine's novel, which is also his first, about the effects which the dropping of the first atomic bomb at Hiroshima have on the minds and consciences of some atomic scientists. Men who have been working on atomic research as related to medicine are suddenly drawn away from that humanitarian aspect and set to work under military direction. This novel is chiefly the story of one man's revolt against that use of the still incalculable power, and of the failure and success of that revolt. It is human, exciting and, again, fairly ominous.

One of the many, many reasons for which we not only revere but enjoy Shakespeare, as I am reminded this morning so near his anniversary, is that he could express even the smallest of life's experiences. Said Claudio in *Much Ado About Nothing*: "If he be not in love with some woman there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: what does that bode?" Mr. Lewis Wilshire has chosen those lines as an introduction to his novel, SPRING SONG (Dent. 10s. 6d.), a human, realistic and very warm study of a West Country town in which the community acts under no impulse more scientific than the dictates of their own natures and the call of spring. I found this a friendly, likeable novel, and think you may agree.

THERE'S NO PROFIT IN IT (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is another novel about ordinary people, and one that is written in the lightest of moods. It may therefore be said that it has no social significance, and that would probably be true, but it has instead considerable gaiety of heart, and that should be as welcome as our late-blooming spring flowers. Maxine Hewson's talent appears to be her understanding, even if it is on a superficial plane, of young people and the problems that seem to them tragically important and to their elders either tiresome or merely laughable. Nevertheless, if you are in the mood and disinclined to reread Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, you could do worse than to spend a few hours over these pages, particularly if, on the contrary, you are a devotee of *Mrs. Dale's Diary*.

Shirley Murrell writes about nineteenth-century Essex in GENTLEMEN'S COUNTRY (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), a novel which illustrates not only the effects of the industrial revolution on a remote corner of England, but also her own gifts of evocation and of careful research. The background so carefully drawn in gives one the impression of authenticity, even, it must be admitted, to a laborious degree, but the figures that move in front of it are animated, and, although they, too, are designed to fit the contemporary picture, they move with real vitality and have identities of their own.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is a poet's novel, but if you expect it to be filled with metaphysical fancies or over-loaded with imagery or obscure to the point of needing a key and a glossary, you will be, according to your temperament, relieved or disappointed, for this brief tale is nothing more nor less than a piece of fun, and great fun at that.

ELECTIONEERING IN SYDNEY: Mr. Robert Menzies, the Australian Premier, and Mr. William Hughes, Australia's eldest statesman, seen at a recent election rally in Sydney Town Hall. To-day, April 28, Australia goes to the polls to decide once again between the rival claims of the Labour Party and of the Liberal-Country Party coalition led by Mr. Menzies.

Mr. Francis Scarfe has a sophisticated humour and a blessed appreciation of that saying that brevity is the soul of something or other. Wit, wasn't it?

Miss Daphne Slee has written her novel of the R.A.F. in an idiom of such buoyancy that it is occasionally distressing, but has, nevertheless, contrived to tell a very effective story about a Polish pilot who finds himself in command of a British bomber squadron during the last war. THAT GREAT HUNTER (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) has considerable merit, and possibly the most commendable thing about it is its candid and moving expression of affection and admiration for the fighting men the book describes.

THE EARTH IS OUR HERITAGE (Peter Nevill. 12s. 6d.) is a novel of Germany, but not of the Germany of war and concentration camps. Its author, Ernst Wiechert, himself suffered in Buchenwald, but in this book has turned from such tragedies to a contemplation of an East Prussian farming community in the first decade of this century. He writes about the peasants and the poachers and the ploughmen, and he writes not only as if he knew, but as if he appreciated them all, in their pawkiness and simplicity and toughness.

THE BELLRINGER'S WIFE (William Kimber. 10s. 6d.) may not have the most eye-catching title in the world, but it is well worth reading, since it is a novel, mainly about Flanders, by Maxence van der Meersch, whose reputation is growing here and is already great in his own country. This is not a tale in which local allusions are so thick and close that they fog the reader, but a story concerned with human values, and the problem of a man and a woman who are in love but cannot marry.

Now for three American novels, of which the first is HOMEWARD BORNE (Harrap. 10s. 6d.), by that distinguished actress, Miss Ruth Chatterton. The plot relates to our own times and to a tragedy among thousands: the situation of a little boy, lost and orphaned, and surviving by some miracle in a concentration camp. A young American woman with a little boy of her own, and a husband serving in the army in Europe, applies to a refugee committee to adopt him, and this novel, written with more sincerity than art, is the story of their gradual though never complete understanding of each other.

A LONG DAY'S DYING (Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d.) is an American first novel of a very different sort; less easy of comprehension, more subtle, and self-conscious in the manner of a singer who listens to the echo of his own voice. All the same, Mr. Frederick Buechner's book is worth reading, if only for the promise it gives of another one, less mannered and closer, if not to the physical aspects of the world we live in, at least to its everyday qualities.

I commend to you Mr. William Gardner Smith's ANGER AT INNOCENCE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), which is told with the simplicity of real art, and with a restrained passion that makes it hard to forget. His story of the love between a girl and a middle-aged man, and the corrupt and malicious influences that finally destroy it, has something of greatness.

KNIGHT'S GAMBIT (Chatto and Windus. 9s. 6d. is a collection of six short stories by one of the latest Nobel Prize winners, Mr. William Faulkner. In each of these tales moves one of his familiar characters, the shrewd and observant attorney who knows his fellow southerners, tolerates their quirks and foibles but seldom misses a trick. The theme generally is crime and its detection, but seldom in a tragic sense and the stories are as good an introduction to the work of this writer as one could wish.

THE HAUNTER OF THE DARK (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is one of the *Tales of Terror* by the late H. P. Lovecraft, who has been described as one of the half-dozen best fantasy writers of the half-century. It has also been written of him that if "addicts of such romances don't take to him, they deserve never to be scared by a book again." With all of which I agree, particularly recommending to the most iron-nerved among you a story called *The Outsider*. But not for late-night reading.

Mr. Edward Sackville-West's SIMPSON (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 12s. 6d.) is a reprint of an excellent novel about a children's nanny, which first appeared twenty years ago, and is still worth reading.

BANKSIDE IN HISTORY

The Story of London's Theatreland in Pre-Civil War Days

Bankside, which to the ecclesiastically- and/or politically-minded, may recall a bitter controversy of 1947, when the Dean of St. Paul's hotly contested the plans for the new power station, claiming that it would threaten the age-old dominance of the Cathedral, lies in the borough of Southwark, just across the river from the City of London. It is a part of the Metropolis as rich as any in historic associations, particularly associations with Elizabethan days when the pleasure-loving populace flocked to Southwark's places of amusement, dissipation and vice, to the Paris Gardens, the Globe, the Hope and the Swan Theatres, enjoying the savagery of the bull-baiting and the bear-baiting, also the performances of Will Shakespeare, Burbage and company. In those days Southwark lay on the verge of green fields and trim hedgerows, and within its confines were the stately palaces of the Bishops of Winchester and of Rochester, a strange contrast to the nearby "Stewes," the houses of ill fame where the "frail sisterhood" plied their ancient trade. Not much of that grandeur or that degradation still remains, but such picturesque places as Cardinal Cap Passage and Cardinal's Wharf are still there to remind us of the past. Grace Golden, author, artist and authority on London's history, recalls all this and much more besides in her entertaining new book, OLD BANKSIDE (Williams and Norgate. 15s.), which is enlivened by line drawings from her own pen. Miss Golden is a most entertaining and erudite guide, and one feels that the 230 or so pages of her book represent but a tithe of her knowledge about Southwark and those who peopled it in centuries past. The chapters on the theatre are particularly good, and she has many lively anecdotes of the days when Bankside was the home of the drama before the Civil War and the Cromwellian dictatorship.

For Festival year visitors Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten, with the aid of Osbert Lancaster's line drawings, present HERE'S ENGLAND (Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.), an informal guide to London and the provinces. In fact, the authors pull no punches whatsoever, admitting the hideous character of the Albert Memorial, and making their own very individual choice of what should and should not be seen during a visit to England. Finally, at the end of this excellent volume is the sightseer's handy key to history and architecture, and here again the facts are presented neatly but with a measure of informality, in a manner which will be readily understood and should be vastly appreciated. The book is dedicated to "the modern Marco Polo, the tolerant, curious, determined, durable and ever-gallant American tourist."

Noël Coward has written the foreword to Peter Noble's life of IVOR NOVELLO (Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.). It was written before Novello died, and the publishers now say that it is to be withdrawn from subsequent editions of the book, and another foreword substituted. This is a pity, because the two pages of original foreword by Mr. Coward have pith and point. They show us one great man of the theatre as another saw him. They acclaim virtues, make note of faults, and reveal a very human and lovable personality. As for Mr. Noble's biography, it is competent and lively, a shade too adulatory, perhaps, for the reader's comfort, but as a record of one man's virtuosity in the theatre in the course of one generation it is wholly admirable.

James Laver, general editor of the series of monographs, "Costumes of the Western World," which are being published by George G. Harrap at 10s. 6d., contributes the volume, EARLY TUDOR, 1485-1558, and Graham Reynolds, who is Deputy Keeper, Department of Paintings, Victoria and Albert Museum, writes on ELIZABETHAN AND JACOBEAN, 1558-1625. In all, there will be thirty-six monographs in the series, each of them illustrated entirely from contemporary sources. There will be three volumes on the twentieth century, and there will be six on the ancient world. The educational importance of the series requires no stressing.

The Blue Guides, which have the Baedeker aspect and informativeness, also some excellences of their own, are being steadily revised in these post-war years. Now comes the sixth edition of SHORT GUIDE TO LONDON (Ernest Benn. 15s.), which, appropriately enough, makes its bow in Festival year. Another book which should appeal to visitors is E. O. Hoppé's RURAL LONDON IN PICTURES (Odhams. 10s. 6d.). As the title suggests, it is full of unexpected charm, and Londoners themselves will be surprised with some of the by-ways of bucolic simplicity which Mr. Hoppé has sought out with his camera.

Two reprints of widely differing character are André L. Simon's THE ART OF GOOD LIVING (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), and Rider Haggard's THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST (Macdonald. 5s. 6d.). For the latter Jack Matthew provides some suitably dramatic illustrations

BOOKS FOR OUR READERS

The Face of Innocence

William Sansom's
best novel yet

The Daily Mail Book of the Month
Recommended by the Book Society
9s. 6d.

THE HOGARTH PRESS

Mrs. Robert Henrey

The Little Madeleine

Choice of the Book Society

'Extraordinarily vivid picture of Paris and provincial France.' *Observer*

'An autobiography, so alive and so self-effacing that it reads like a novel.' V. S. PRITCHETT, *Bookman*

'Absorbing, illuminating, exciting.' *John O'London*

'Sheer vitality and a moving presentation of life.' *Spectator*

12*s.* 6*d.* net

DENT

"Our finest writer of novels of the sea." *Public Opinion*

The 'Islander'
A novel set in African waters by
HUMFREY JORDAN (12/6)

Sunbeams Like Swords
W. F. JEFFREY
"If anybody wants to know what the life of a Chindit was really like he will never find it more truly told . . . an especially notable book." BERNARD FERGUSSON (*Sunday Times*) (10/6)

"Superb, unflagging story-telling." *Daily Telegraph*

The BLACK JOKE
A moving and powerful novel by
J. M. Scott (10/6)

The publishers are
HODDER & STOUGHTON London E.C.4

Our Cricket Story

ALEC & ERIC BEDSER

A foreword by *Sir Donald Bradman* introduces this personal record of the Bedser Twins. *Illustrated. 10/6 net.*

★ ★ ★ ★

No Ashes For England

E. M. WELLINGS

This is the inside story of the Australian Tour witnessed and reported by an expert. *To be published early May. Illustrated. 12/6 net.*

From all booksellers

EVANS

Fashion

emergence of fashion from liest times to the present day be fully covered in the 36 erbly illustrated volumes that eventually make up the series

COSTUME OF THE WESTERN WORLD

ral Editor: James Laver

authors are experts from ous countries, and the trations are reproduced from world's art masterpieces, v in full colour.

first two books will be ready onth at 10/6 net each, and full can be obtained on application Harrap, 182, High Holborn, W.C.1.

HARRAP

For Your Bookshelf

The Sixth Column. . . . By Peter Fleming. His new novel is a light-hearted satire, written with wit, nonsense, and some knowledge of the more rarefied levels of our Intelligence organisations. (*Rupert Hart-Davis.* 9s. 6d.)

The Forest of Dean. . . . By Brian Waters. A full and friendly account of the royal and ancient forest, with interesting glimpses of its history and inhabitants. Illustrated. (*Dent.* 15s.)

Don Iddon's America. . . . A selection of the despatches of the famous columnist of the *Daily Mail*, forming a day-to-day record of the changing mood and manners of the American people. (*Falcon Press.* 12s. 6d.)

Homeward Borne. . . . By Ruth Chatterton. A simple and moving tale, but wholly divorced from the career of the distinguished actress. A book of great merit which the publishers have made their big venture for the season. (*Harrap.* 10s. 6d.)

The Big Show. . . . By Pierre Clostermann. The amazing account of his experiences in Fighter Command. A "modest but unflinching record" of the real thing. The Book Society Non-Fiction choice for May. The *Evening Standard* Book of the Month. (*Chatto and Windus.* 12s. 6d.)

My Six Convicts. . . . By Dr. Donald Powell Wilson. A fascinating investigation of criminal psychology in a big American prison, with six convicts as official helpers. Published here on May 18. (*Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.)

Andrew Lang's Fairy Books. . . . Six books have appeared in this attractive new edition—the Blue, Green, Red, Yellow, Orange and Olive. The Violet and Crimson are being published at the end of next month. (*Longmans Green.* 10s. 6d. each.)

CHARLES MORGAN'S

new volume of Essays

LIBERTIES OF THE MIND

The book concerns the right of all freedom-loving people to think and feel for themselves, and will appeal to all serious thinking men and women.
"Mr. Morgan writes with an earnestness born of a sense of urgency." *Sunday Times.*
12s. 6d.

Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

A BUNCH OF BLUE RIBBONS

An Anthology of Tresses by M. M. Johnson

This charming anthology of poetry and prose selected from English literature is woven romantically round the subject of hair.

Jacket, title-page and motifs designed by PHILIP GOUGH

8s. 6d. net.

SKEFFINGTON

Fair Wind to Java

GARLAND ROARK

'Now here is a book after my own heart . . . it is a spanking yarn of the sea that carries you along as briskly as its title suggests.' Eric Young in *Sheffield Telegraph*

12s. 6d. net

Just published

Don Iddon's America

EDITED BY CHARLES SUTTON

Preface by Sir Alan Herbert

These despatches of Don Iddon have been compiled into book form by Charles Sutton, who was his foreign editor for many years. *Illustrated by Trog*

12s. 6d. net

THE FALCON PRESS

HERE'S ENGLAND

by RUTH McKENNEY & RICHARD BRANSTEN

373 pages
21/-

ILLUSTRATED BY
Osbert Lancaster
HART-DAVIS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES FOR BOOKS

Stock of over 3 million volumes

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject

We take subscriptions for British and Overseas Magazines.

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

A world-wide favourite

Wherever there is entertaining, there is always Cinzano. It is the unfailing sign of a good host who not only knows the best, but insists on having it to give his friends.

THE CINZANO APERITIF

A generous measure of Cinzano plus a little lemon peel, a chip of ice and just a splash of soda.

Store Cinzano in your refrigerator until required. It is at its best when served iced.

PRICES (*large bottles*)
Italian (sweet) Red or White **16/6**
French (dry) **18/-**

GENUINE
CINZANO
VERMOUTH

Renowned for its outstanding quality since 1816

STOCKED BY ALL GOOD WINE MERCHANTS AND OFF LICENCES

A very fine Liqueur Brandy

MARTELL
CORDON BLEU

Est. 1715 also *Cordon Argent* and *Extra*

A wheatfield on your table?

. . . but

Vita-Weat

REGD

is whole-wheat goodness in its handiest form!

Delicious, crunchy Vita-Weat adds a new zest to every meal. The compressed essence of the whole sun-ripened wheat grain is in every slice. See how the children enjoy it—a healthy snack, ready in a moment.

PEEK FREAN'S *Famous Crispbread*

HATS OFF

TO

Barker & Dobson

CAMEO CHOCOLATES
REGAL FRUIT DROPS

BARKER & DOBSON, LTD., LIVERPOOL
FOUNDED 1834

36

Good mixers!

Separates you can put together for practically nothing! The skirt casually elegant, is in **"Morning Haze"** tweed—temptingly priced! The sweater or cardigan you can knit in soft **"Morning Haze"** wools in lovely colours, specially dyed to tone with their tweeds.

munrospun

See "Morning Haze" range of skirts at your favourite store, or write for nearest stockist to
MUNRO & COMPANY LTD.,
(DEPT. SP/2) RESTALRIG, EDINBURGH

School for Mothers

SHE was a young farm-labourer's wife, and she faced a charge of child neglect. Inexperienced, harassed by the demands of three small children, discouraged by wretched living conditions, she had become utterly apathetic. We were asked to help, and with her youngest child we sent her to " Mayflower ", our training home for neglectful mothers. In healthy, restful surroundings she soon responded to the kindly guidance she found there, and at cooking, cleaning, sewing, housekeeping, child-care she proved a willing pupil. When the time came for her to rejoin the family—now decently housed—she was all a mother and a housewife should be.

" Mayflower " has proved a most valuable social experiment; many mothers, whose only faults were ignorance and inexperience, have been helped there. The work of The Salvation Army is still dependent upon individual generosity. Will you help, by donation or legacy? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.,

101, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.4

WHERE THERE'S NEED . . .

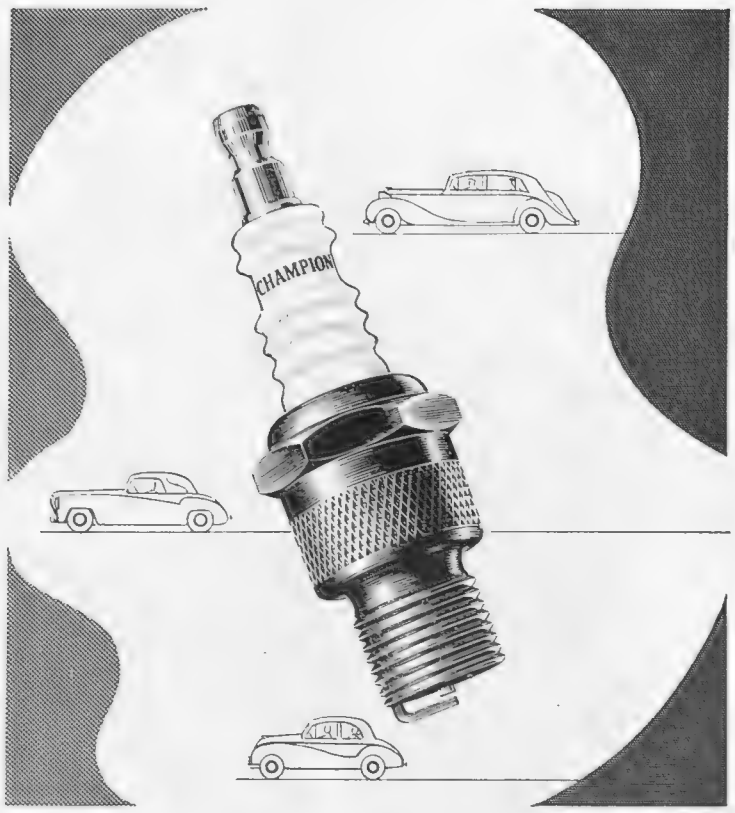
The Salvation Army

Swan Shoes

MODEL LU 462. Neat and new; tailored to meet the latest demands of fashionable spring styling. Made in blue calf, brown calf and white suede. Swan shoes are made by fine craftsmen and sold at the better shops and stores throughout the United Kingdom.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES LTD., NORTHAMPTON, ask for 'Health' Brand

CVS-1

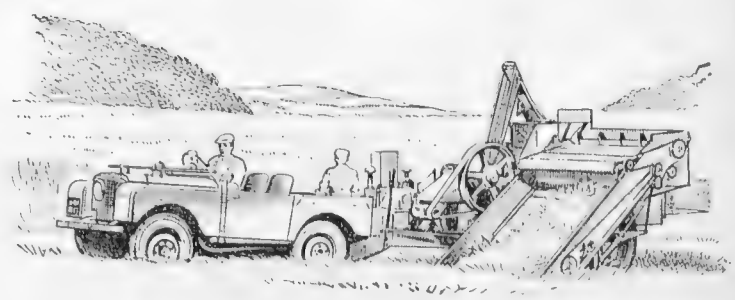


FOR QUALITY AND DEPENDABILITY

CHAMPION

PLUGS

By appointment to His Majesty The King *Manufacturers of Land-Rovers The Rover Company Ltd*



One vehicle—many jobs

The Land-Rover is equally at home on the road and on the land. On the road it is a fast delivery truck capable of carrying 12 cwts. at up to 50 m.p.h. On the land its functions fall into two groups: first, as a four-wheel-drive tractor, hauling harrows, mowers and the like; secondly, with its central and rear power take-off points, as a mobile power plant supplying belt or shaft drive to a variety of farm equipment. No wonder it is called—

Britain's most versatile vehicle

LAND-ROVER

MADE BY THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL · BIRMINGHAM

This is the Gin

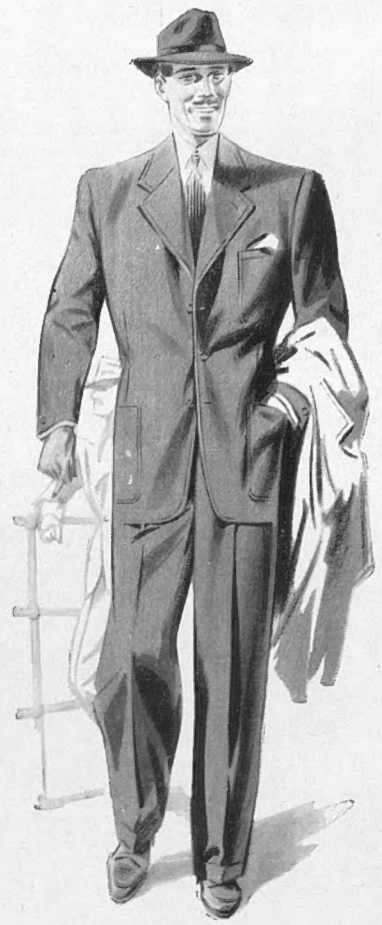
By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices: Per bottle 33/9; Half-bottle 17/7; Quarter-bottle 9/2; Miniature 3/7. U.K. only

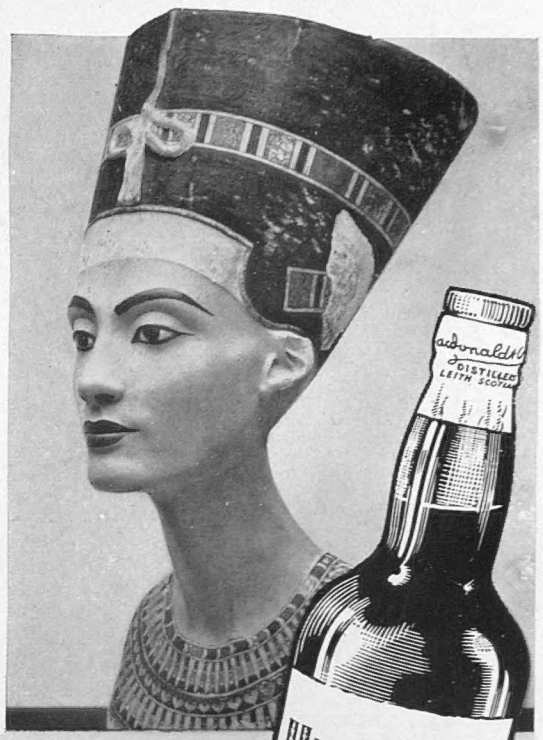


Valstar The Aristocrat of Sportswear

Write for the name of your nearest stockists to

VALSTAR LTD., 314, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

FAMOUS QUEENS *by famous Masters*



QUEEN
NOFRETETE
by
an artist of the Amarna
Period.
(*Berlin Museum*)

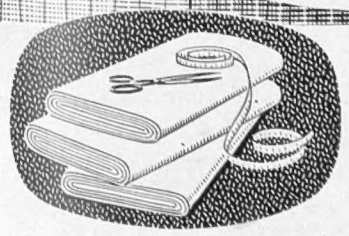
HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY BY
MACDONALD & MUIR LTD
Distillers · Leith · Scotland

EXTRA CUFFS?

ADDITIONAL COLLARS?

Have it in
'TRICOLINE'
"The equal to silk"
and have it your own way



You favour extra cuffs? Additional collars? Maybe you have your own ideas on collar shape and length of sleeve? Then have a shirt made to measure in smooth, silky "Tricoline". This will enable us to incorporate those little niceties which mean so much, and create for you a shirt which has mother-o'-pearl buttons and is truly personal in style, cut, fit and finish.

HORNE
BROTHERS · LIMITED

HORNE BROTHERS LIMITED, 415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Branches throughout London and Provinces

He pipes the beer aboard!

The Racker

He works on the racking-machine, where the sturdy beer casks are filled by pipeline from the fermenting vessels. He must see that no barrel is under-filled or allowed to overflow — a job that needs a head as cool as the cellar itself.

beer is best

Issued by the Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London, W.1

Come rack—come rope!

Boiling oil leaves us cold. Thumbscrews won't squeeze it out of us. The secret recipe of Pimm's No. 1 is known to only six people, and nothing shall unseal our lips. This—and no more—we'll tell you: Pimm's contains the finest gin plus delectable French and Dutch liqueurs. Winter and summer, in cold snaps or heat waves—

PIMM'S No. 1

IS THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

THE ORIGINAL *Swiss* PROCESS CHOCOLATE

Famous since 1826!

SUCHARD CHOCOLATE LTD., LONDON S.E.16

ALEXANDRA HOTEL

Oban - Argyll

At the Gateway to the Western Isles

Oban lies in a magnificent setting, and the countryside around is both beautiful and historic—sea lochs, ruined castles, rugged peaks and deep shadowed glens. The Alexandra Hotel stands in its own grounds on the promenade. It is completely modern and very comfortable. Catering is outstanding and the wine list comprehensive.

Miss C. J. SMITH, Manageress

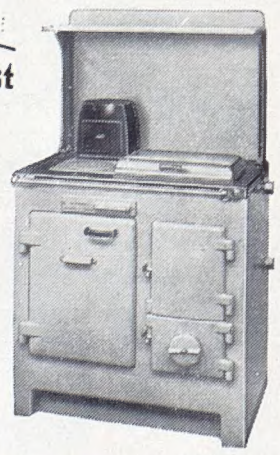
Telephone: Oban 2381

A.A. **R.A.C.** **R.S.A.C.**

A Warm Kitchen **Lots of Hot Water** **Breakfast in a Jiffy**

Every Morning!

The No 30 **Courtier** COOKER



BURNS DAY AND NIGHT ANY SOLID FUEL

WRITE FOR BROCHURE No. 42/21

MITCHELL, RUSSELL & CO. LTD., BONNYBRIDGE, STIRLINGSHIRE

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

BROADWAY, WORCS. THE LYGON ARMS

Always in season, though there are many who feel its mellowness is enhanced when the curtains are drawn, for it is then they appreciate the log fires, cooking in the best English tradition, and a pleasantly warmed bedroom complete in its comfort. Tel.: 5.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

An excellent hotel for a well-earned Holiday. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding nearby. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

"The Gateway to the West." A beautiful old eighteenth-century coaching house in the quiet of the Cathedral Close packed with the relics of a more leisured age, yet with every modern amenity. Well-appointed bedrooms. Restaurant, Cocktail Lounge, Lift. P.O. phones all rooms. R.A.C., A.A. Tel.: 4071/2.

FOLKESTONE, PRINCES HOTEL

For air that braces, sun that tans, cooking that pleases, cocktails that cheer and nights of restfulness. A first-class hotel for long or short holidays. Sunny sheltered position. Fully licensed. Tel.: 2850.

Nr. GUILDFORD, SURREY. BRAMLEY GRANGE HOTEL

Country Manor atmosphere and friendly warmth; Swiss chefs and own dairy produce; flower-beds and stately trees; Golf Course; Tennis Lawns and historic surroundings 'midst Surrey Downs. What more could one desire for an enjoyable holiday? Telephone: Bramley 2295.

HONITON, DEER PARK HOTEL

Devon is at its loveliest in the Spring, when the flowers and shrubs in our 25 acres are a joy. Also 3-miles Trout Fishing, Tennis, Squash, Billiards, Putting. First-class food and cellar; attested Jersey herd. Tel.: 64.

SCARBOROUGH, ROYAL HOTEL

Planning a sunny, bracing holiday this year? Write Tom Laughton, Resident Director of this superbly situated hotel, providing excellent food, delightful surroundings, light music, dancing and comprehensive holiday amenities. Early application is essential. Terms 28/- to 39/- per day. Tel.: 1046

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH, IN SUNNY SOUTH DEVON

Rooms overlooking the sea with private bath and self-controlled radio. Orchestra. Dancing, Cocktail Lounge. All outdoor recreations; food you will enjoy. Come and be spoilt! Open all the year. Tel. 951.

CARLYON BAY HOTEL, Nr. ST. AUSTELL, Cornwall.

In the centre of the Cornish Riviera. Facing south and overlooking the sea. The ideal hotel for early holidays, amidst sub-tropical plants and spring flowers. Own Golf and Tennis. Squash and Badminton nearby. Write or phone PAR 404 for illustrated Brochure.

ST. MAWES, CORNWALL. HOTEL TRESANTON

Lovely Country House in sheltered Bay. Beautifully furnished, every modern convenience. First-class cuisine. Club bar. Terms from 30/- per day. Trains met Truro. Resident Manager, A. MILES HUMBERT. Tel.: 322.

THE SPA HOTEL, ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

Faces the south and the sun, 400 ft. up in 65 acres of park land. Thirty miles from London and the coast. Fully licensed. First-class cuisine. Lift, cocktail lounge and ballroom. Free golf on own sporting 9-hole course. Residential terms by arrangement. Tel.: 20331 (3 lines).

"South African Sherry for me every time

So I've converted you, too, then?

You certainly have! Do you remember you told me to look specially for the fine South African sherries. Since then I've found some which are exactly to my taste.

And don't you find them easy on the pocket, too? That means something these days!

Yes, how is it they can send us such remarkably good wines at such a reasonable price!

Well, there are two reasons: that amazing climate of theirs at the Cape, and then the Preferential Duty.

No wonder South African Sherry is becoming so popular, then.

It deserves to be. Do you know they've been making wine in South Africa for nearly 300 years. With all that experience behind them and the splendid organization they have now built up, they're able to produce the very highest quality. Their really fine wines are matured for many years before they're shipped to this country.

I suppose we can now say, then, that South Africa is one of the leading wine producing countries?

Well, wouldn't you say it was, from the taste of this sherry? **Let me fill your glass!"**

SAWFA

SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION

(LONDON) LIMITED

By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King George VI.

By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King Frederik IX.

By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
King Gustaf V.

By Appointment
Purveyor of Cherry Heering
to H.M.
The Queen of the Netherlands.

Precious moments

Through four generations CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as well as created many precious moments.
To-day supplies are still not unlimited, but this old Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.

CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818

6

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Yes, YOU want a Braemar sweater— so do thousands of American women

BUT . . . the horrid truth is that, though more Braemars are being made now than ever before, there still aren't enough — not nearly enough — for everyone who hankers after them. Only about 20% of the American women who want Braemar get Braemar. So you see, you're in good company when you can't find a Braemar for yourself. Not that *that's* much comfort when you think how gorgeously fine and soft Braemars are . . . how they're shaped and designed with an eye to fashion . . . how they're finished . . . how they fit . . . how dazzlingly lovely their colours are. Oh, well, let's not go *on* about it. You *may* — you just *may* — be one of those fortunates who find one.

BRAEMAR

INNES, HENDERSON & COMPANY LTD
HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Saturday, April 28, 1951. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.